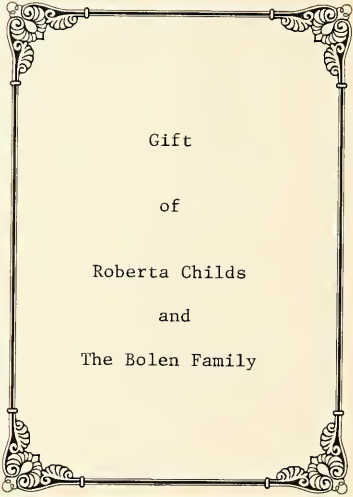


THE BATTLEFIELD



1914



Gift

of

Roberta Childs

and

The Bolen Family

Va. Bolu



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RUSSELL HALL—FRONTING GROVE

The Battlefield

"So in the heart,
When fading slowly down the past,
Fond memories depart,
And each that leaves it seems the last;
Long after all the rest are flown,
Comes back a well-remembered tone—
The after-echo of departed years,
And touches all the soul to tears."

❧

The State Normal School, Fredericksburg, Va.

1914

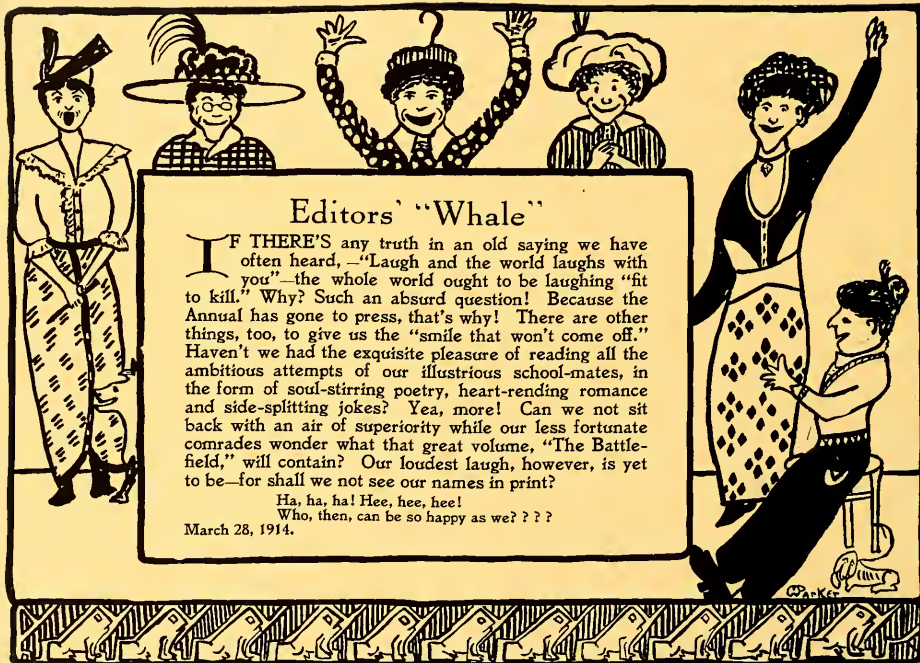
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M.M. NORTHROP



Editors' "Whale"

IF THERE'S any truth in an old saying we have often heard,—"Laugh and the world laughs with you"—the whole world ought to be laughing "fit to kill." Why? Such an absurd question! Because the Annual has gone to press, that's why! There are other things, too, to give us the "smile that won't come off." Haven't we had the exquisite pleasure of reading all the ambitious attempts of our illustrious school-mates, in the form of soul-stirring poetry, heart-rending romance and side-splitting jokes? Yea, more! Can we not sit back with an air of superiority while our less fortunate comrades wonder what that great volume, "The Battle-field," will contain? Our loudest laugh, however, is yet to be—for shall we not see our names in print?

Ha, ha, ha! Hee, hee, hee!

Who, then, can be so happy as we? ???

March 28, 1914.

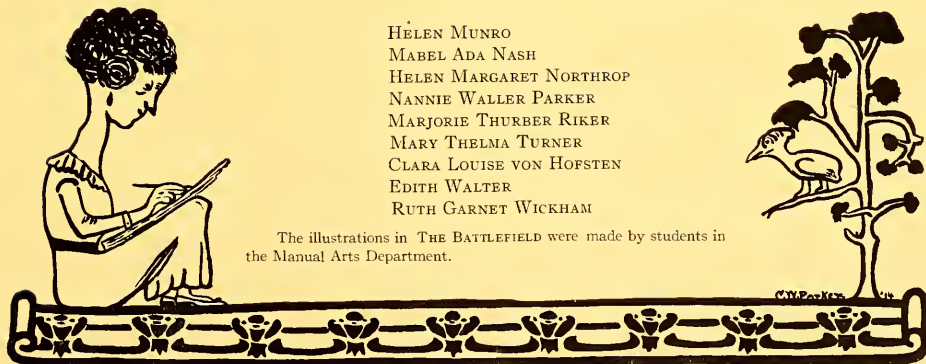
Popular Illustrators Who Have Work in "The Battlefield."

BEATRICE LOUISE ASHLEY
MURIEL DOROTHEA BARBER
JANIE SOPHRONIA BROOKING
ANNIE ELIZABETH CARTER
HULDAH STAPLES DANIEL
BEULAH MAE DETWILER
ELLA VIRGINIA FARINHOLT

MARY REBECCA HARWOOD
OLIVE MAY HINMAN
LUCY NELSON HOLLADAY
BERNICE DUKE HOGAN
EMMA COPELAND LAWLESS
JULIA LOUISE LEWIS
BEALMEAR DARE LINTHICUM

HELEN MUNRO
MABEL ADA NASH
HELEN MARGARET NORTHROP
NANNIE WALLER PARKER
MARJORIE THURBER RIKER
MARY THELMA TURNER
CLARA LOUISE VON HOFSTEN
EDITH WALTER
RUTH GARNET WICKHAM

The illustrations in THE BATTLEFIELD were made by students in the Manual Arts Department.



To Olive May Hinman

our honorary member, the fruits of whose talent and experience have always been ungrudgingly put at our disposal; whose undaunted spirit and enthusiasm have re-kindled our own when the way seemed dark; whose helpfulness always takes its form in deeds as well as words; and whose joyous way of entering into every phase of activities, whether glad or sad, has been an inspiration, and whose cheerful toil, however fate may smile upon us, will make our schooldays here appear as one of the big, bright spots in our lives—we affectionately dedicate this volume. : : : : :





THE BATTLEFIELD STAFF

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Assistant Editors

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MARJORIE THURBER RIKER

MUSIC

RUTH GARNET WICKHAM

SOCIETY

LELIA MAE PERRIN

POETRY

JANIE SOPHRONIA BROOKING

ATHLETICS

NANNIE SEX SMITH

CLUB

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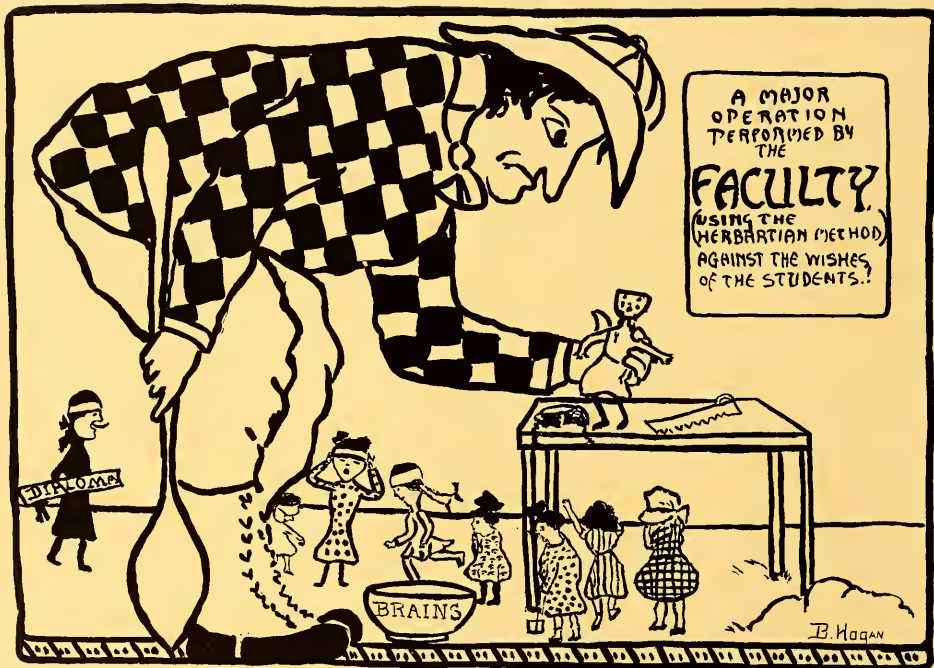
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VIRGINIA M. GOODRICK



CAROLINE H. JACKSON



K. C. MOORE

FACULTY



MOTTO: The gates are ours to open.

COLORS: Orange and Brown.

FLOWER: Brown-eyed Susan.

SUSAN DABNEY WALKER	President	Class Poem	CATHARINE ELIZABETH WARE
NANNIE CUNNINGHAM OLIVER	Vice-President	Class History	MARY SELDEN SNEAD
LELIA MAE PERRIN	Secretary	Last Will and Testament	NANNIE C. OLIVER
BEATRICE LOUISE ASHLEY	Treasurer	Class Prophecy	MARY CHRISTINE DEIERHOI

The pin and ring which have been adopted as the official Senior Class pin and ring for the School, are used for the first time by the Class of 1914.



MARY ELLA ACREE

KING AND QUEEN COUNTY, VIRGINIA

Mary is quiet; but one day, shortly after her arrival, a great noise was heard on the hall, and heads were hurriedly thrust out of the doors just in time to see Mary being escorted to her room by Mrs. Chew. Mary has never gotten over this. There have been times when we feared her sunny disposition would be submerged altogether, but we have been considerably cheered of late by the sound of her hearty laughter. It is our hope that some day Mary will learn an assignment which she will not forget. Glee Club; Tennis Club; Baseball Club; Down-the-River Club.



CARRIE MAXWELL ACREE

KING AND QUEEN COUNTY, VIRGINIA

"Maxie" is so small and quiet that one would hardly know she was present except for an occasional cheery laugh and a spirit of contentment which she always carries with her. She believes firmly that to interfere with anybody would be a crime; hence, everybody is her friend. While teaching, Maxie paces with measured tread back and forth before her eager young pupil—which fact causes us to believe firmly in the transmigration of the soul. (In some former existence, Maxie was a caged lion.) Glee Club; Down-the-River Club.



BEATRICE LOUISE ASHLEY

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

So fragile and fair is she that she reminds one of a delicate piece of china. The climate of Bloomfield, New Jersey, where she spent her early life, must be conducive to the growth of artistic ability. If any of our art lovers are contemplating a trip to Italy to see the works of Michaelangelo, we advise them to look at Beatrice's drawings in the Annual, and save expense and trouble. Her sunny disposition and keen sense of humor make her a delightful companion. Woodrow Wilson Literary Society; Richmond Club; Happy Dozen Club, 1913-14; Mother Goose Club, 1913-14; Poster Committee, Y. W. C. A.; Treasurer Class, 1913-14; Shawondassa Camp Fire.



ISLA CATHARINE BRIZENDINE
ESSEX COUNTY, VIRGINIA

Her disposition suits well her wonderful, dark eyes—mysterious, unfathomable, yet withal, appealing. We can't find out anything about Isla, except that she revels in Nature Study, and, her heart ever going back to the farm, has as her main topic of conversation what she will do when she gets home to mother. She is a very hard worker and "she always gets there." Rifle Club; Baseball, 1913-14; Down-the-River Club.



RUTH ELMORE CLARKSON
SHARPS, VIRGINIA

Ruth was never known to be in the slightest hurry, not even practice teaching producing a perceptible change. She makes it a rule never to arrive in Class later than three minutes before dismissal. As a proof of her studiousness, however, she often sits up until two o'clock, though on good authority, all that she writes is not lesson plans. From this it may be inferred that the noble profession will not hold her long. Russell Literary Society; Mother Goose Club, 1913-14; Down-the-River Club, 1913-14; Glee Club; Rifle Club; Battleground Camp Fire.



JESSIE GATEWOOD DAFFAN
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

"Uncle Willie's niece" is an active member of the Town Club, and aspires to permanent residence in Fredericksburg. Though young, she has undergone more experiences than any teacher ever had to meet—some Mr. Tyner never heard of (if that be possible). Moreover, she has experienced or come in close contact with all the diseases to which man is heir. We expect great things of Jessie because of her enquiring mind, her "stickability" and her good looks. The Hikers.



MARY CHRISTINE DEIERHOI
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Mary's individual differences are quite numerous: A good voice of which she is quite proud, an opinion of her own which she seldom fails to express, a mind that always works in a clear, logical way, and hair that glows like a sunset in June. A girl of ability and comeliness, born to command, we've often wondered if there is as much to her as there is to her name. When Mary entered school we thought of having our charter changed, making the institution co-educational, for we then had a "Dear boy." Secretary Richmond Club; Tennis Club; Cotillion Club; Mystical Trio; Glee Club Quartette; Russell Literary Society.



ALICE LEAH FINNEY
FRANKTOWN, VIRGINIA

Without a doubt the tallest, healthiest looking senior that ever entered the portals of this institution. Alice will make a splendid teacher and discipline will be a negligible quantity in her school, for one look at her size and strength will cause the terror of the neighborhood to tremble. "Bud's" favorite sport is going to see "Cousin Mollie;" her characteristic expression is "Good Laus!" Russell Literary Society; Glee Club; Varsity Basketball Team, 1913-14; Baseball Team; Secretary and Treasurer Eastern Shore Club, 1913-'14.



MARTHA POLLARD FLEET ϕ
BRUNTINGTON, VIRGINIA

This one of our number originally came from "down the river," but she hopes to be promoted to Richmond. We have known for a long time that Martha made a mistake in coming to the Normal School; her emphatic manner and decided views show that she would have made a record in a law school. When suffrage comes to Virginia, the governor had better look to his job. Martha is also looked upon as something of a high-brow—then, too, she is such a charming talker! Glee Club; Cotillion Club; Richmond Club; Russell Literary Society.



JANE LITTLE GARTH
LOUISA, VIRGINIA

Realizing that "knowledge is power," Jane has turned serious attention to gaining knowledge during her two years in school, and we expect to find her a Superintendent some day. If she would only do something rash—just once! and only once forget what she looks like! Jane wears a smile that won't come off, and, true or not, it is said she sleeps only in the wee small hours. She makes friends readily and is especially fond of groups of three. President Woodrow Wilson Literary Society; Glee Club; Mystical Trio; Tennis Club; Secretary-Treasurer Louisa Club.



JEAN FISHER GRAVES
BEDFORD CITY, VIRGINIA

We have heard rumors (we cannot say how true they are) that Jean has dropped all her correspondence except that beginning, "Dear Sister Graves." This gives us the impression that some day doubtless Jean will be teaching the little heathen "Chinee," who will enjoy the fruits of her devotion and goodness. It is the hope of the Senior Class, however, that Jean may never be able to face her audience without that familiar little giggling "tee-hee-hee" so enjoyed by her class-mates. Assistant Editor THE BATTLEFIELD; President Glee Club; Chairman Religious Meetings Committee, Y. W. C. A.; Dramatic Club; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society; Deuce Tennis Club; Delegate Student Volunteer Convention, Kansas City; Shawondassa Camp Fire.



JUNIA GRAVES
BEDFORD CITY, VIRGINIA

Junia is the well-known horsewoman of her Class. In her Junior year she achieved distinction by riding the unmanageable stick horse in the moving picture show, "Lochinvar." Her special antipathy is taking medicine. She has never been known to take it, except when administered by Jean. She is a poet, too; many of her most brilliant odes have for the subject, "Miss Mary K." She sometimes uses the expression "Great Scott!" Also, she has added honor to her Class by writing for two years the prize story of THE BATTLEFIELD. President Junior Class; President Y. W. C. A., 1913-14; Secretary Woodrow Wilson Literary Society, 1914; Glee Club; Delegate to Y. W. C. A. Conference, Blue Ridge, N. C., 1913; Shawondassa Camp Fire.



FLORA MCFADEN HILL

ATLEE, VIRGINIA

Flora came from the same county that produced Henry Clay (perhaps that accounts for her precociousness). She is the youngest member of her Class; has beautiful glowing hair, a soft voice and a lovable disposition. It has been suggested that the school put in a private telephone line for the use of Flora and her friends. One thing more: she has never been known to complain of the walk to the Training School—mystery of mysteries! Hanover Club; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society.



ELLA GARNETT HOSKINS ♀

DUNNSVILLE, VIRGINIA

Long, long ago she was known as Miss Hinman's "Angel." This she soon outgrew. But while she is no longer angelic, she is an all-round athlete who asks no odds of any opponent, and has gained a reputation of which her Class is justly proud. By the way, she has the claim of a still greater distinction, for she is the only known basketball player who has grape fruit served to her by admiring friends after a game. Dramatic Club; Cotillion Club; Mother Goose Club; Down-the-River Club; Tennis Club; Russell Literary Society; Battleground Camp Fire; Varsity Basketball Team.



EMMA WOODSON LANKFORD

FRANKTOWN, VIRGINIA

Emma is tall and thoughtful and believes that the greatest benefit bestowed upon mankind is sleep. You may find her making use of it any odd hour. Her face is fair and her dress is dainty and becoming—in fact, she is always good to look at. Our knowledge of her is, however, rather superficial; for real information apply to Mrs. A. B. Chandler, Jr. Secretary Russell Literary Society; President Happy Dozen Club; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; President Eastern Shore Club, 1913-14; Glee Club.



JULIA LOUISE LEWIS ♦
MORATTICO, VIRGINIA

A good student, a sound thinker and a true friend to THE BATTLEFIELD. Of late, Louise entertains the members of her Class thus: "Yes—long white kid gloves, and a long train, and blue satin slippers, and a boudoir, no, 'Normandy' cap. Yes, I am going to be a bridesmaid!" This seems strange language, coming from one who is universally recognized as a suffragette (because she is never moved, except by the "Wright"). Vice-President Dramatic Club; Happy Dozen Club; Mother Goose Club; Battleground Camp Fire; Glee Club; Tennis Club; Down-the-River Club; Vice-President Russell Literary Society; Business Manager THE BATTLEFIELD.



MARY GRAHAM MASTIN
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

"The time has come," as the Walrus said, to record the well-known fact that Graham knows something about everything that has ever been brought up in Class yet. She has about as much use for an encyclopedia as Dr. Johnson had for a dictionary, yet she was the only victim of the ever-pursuing agent. We never supposed that Graham would be susceptible to the wiles of man, for she was to have been a doctor to the heathen "Chinee." Lately, though, her thoughts have turned to poetry and she has been found teaching the BATTLEFIELD Staff a little song beginning, "The Dummy is Done—Tra-la!" Editor-in-Chief of THE BATTLEFIELD, 1914; Town Club; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society; Missionary Committee Y. W. C. A.



ETHEL HESTER NASH
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

Ethel, quite unintentionally on her part, has most people fooled. They think she is a perfect little angel, quiet as a mouse; but we know better. It almost takes a microscope to see her, but it's worth the effort, and moreover the words of wisdom which sometimes drop from her mouth in answer to Mr. Tyner's questions, are worth hearing. She has one controlling ambition—to look big; so you may see her walling her eyes and standing on tip-toes most any day at the Training School. Woodrow Wilson Literary Society; Glee Club; Financial Hiker.



NANNIE CUNNINGHAM OLIVER
IRVINGTON, VIRGINIA

Nannie was a very decent sort of a girl until she met Sue. By her cheerful, happy disposition, and unfailing ability to see a joke on herself, she has gained the sobriquet of "Sunny Nannie." She believes firmly that "Cleanliness is next to godliness," so does her utmost to acquire a "Clean" look. President Dramatic Club, 1913-14; Vice-President Senior Class; Chairman Missionary Committee Y. W. C. A., 1913-14; Russell Literary Society; Accompanist Glee Club, 1913-14; "Humpty Dumpty" in Mother Goose Club; Down-the-River Club; Better-to-Sew, My Dear, Club; Battleground Camp Fire.



NANNIE WALLER PARKER
ESSEX COUNTY, VIRGINIA

The average person has little love for earthly angels, so perhaps that is why "Nancy" is so popular. Her ready wit and jovial disposition have made her a "friend in need" to sufferers from that dread malady, "homesickness." She is the sharp-shooter of the Class (being in the habit of shooting hickory nuts off a tree at midnight—the darker the night, the more accurate her aim!) Battleground Camp Fire; Mother Goose Club; Director Nightingale Club; Russell Literary Society; Vice-President Down-the-River Club; Dramatic Club; Better-to-Sew, My Dear, Club; Rifle Club; Art Editor THE BATTLEFIELD.



LELIA MAE PERRIN
ASHLAND, VIRGINIA

This song-bird is reputed to be one of the most studious girls in her Class, but oftentimes at night great crowds of students throng the halls near room 305. Without inquiring the cause everybody knows that Mae is practicing her "Loo-loo's," and even this, from Mae, is music to those who listen. Most of her spare time is spent in the auditorium, and, by the way, Mae you know is also an expert in the talking line. Vice-President Hanover Club; Glee Club; Secretary Senior Class; Mystical Trio; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society; Secretary Associated News Committee, Y. W. C. A.; Deuce Tennis Club; Society Editor THE BATTLEFIELD.



HELEN CABELL PHILLIPS
FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA

For producing a laugh, there never was another like this maid-in-brown. She amuses the whole Class, including Mr. Tyner, and makes even "History of Education" endurable. We are all agreed that such a person deserves a place in "Who's Who." In the two minutes intermission between Classes, she often serves little pink pills. She can be identified by a little gray hat which she always wears to keep in the height of style. Dramatic Club; Battleground Camp Fire; The Hikers; Rifle Club.



RUTH ANITA POST
CAPE CHARLES, VIRGINIA

This tall, lanky piece of humanity came to us from the "Eastern Shore," and has never tired in speaking of its glories. Ruth is rather subject to sprained ankles, and has never been known to go with anyone whose head could reach her shoulder. At times her cheeks are as red as the wrapper on a tomato can. We are very uneasy lest some day, in spite of all Mr. Tyner can say, the power of influence may prove too strong and she will follow Iva's illustrious example. Eastern Shore Club; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society; Dramatic Club; Rifle Club.



LUCY GRAY RICHARDSON
KING AND QUEEN COUNTY, VIRGINIA

Lucy Gray, hailing from the unknown place, Ino, was thrust into our midst when the school was in its infancy. Though she was once lost at the station in Richmond, she has never been known to be lost on the athletic field. Lucy Gray has one weakness—a peculiar fondness for Harrison Fisher pictures, especially those on two subjects—consult the covers on the Ladies' Home Journal. We suspect that someone is the cause of this weakness, for we've heard, on good authority, that the express company sometimes is forced to use three horses in delivering her numerous packages. Rifle Club; Baseball Club; Tennis Club; Down-the-River Club; Varsity Basketball Team.



ANNIE LOUISE SCOTT
CAPE CHARLES, VIRGINIA

To see Annie as she really is, one must picture her with a smile on her face and in her hand the daily letter from ———, Fredericksburg. There is a certain young man who uses the telephone so much in talking to her that serious thought has been taken of putting in a private line. (It may be necessary to have this line connect with the home of a certain member of the Town Club, also.) We fear that there is no chance of this one of our number ever falling into the good old profession of school teaching. Eastern Shore Club.



KATHLEEN HOLT SCOTT ♀
DUNNSVILLE, VIRGINIA

"His said that every individual has a spark of the Divine in him; also, that "Divinity is Love." Judged by these standards, Kathleen is almost all divine. She considers the most important events of her life: coming to the Normal School, knowing Miss White, and then meeting Junia. (Notice arrangement for climax.) What will the Dramatic Club do without its clown?

She is nimble!

She is quick!

She jumps around like a jointed stick! Vice-President Glee Club, 1913-14; Treasurer Glee Club, 1912-13; Russell Literary Society; Dramatic Club; Cotillion Club; Krokay Klub; Mother Goose Club; Down-the-River Club; Happy Dozen Club; Battleground Camp Fire.



SARA TEMPLE SEGAR
SALUDA, VIRGINIA

"Stemple" is a modest little girl from Middlesex. The keynote of her scholastic success lies in the fact that she gets "so vexed" when her fountain pen won't work, for she does not believe anyone knows how to study without notes. The Class now hopes that she will make known to the world her new patent—snow leggings. Also, we expect her to give to the world manuscript stories in her own handwriting, which even the blind may read. Russell Literary Society; "Mrs. Jack Sprat" in Mother Goose Club; Soloist for the Nightingales; Happy Dozen Club; Down-the-River Club.



MARY SELDEN SNEAD ☐

TAPPAHANNOCK, VIRGINIA

In her young days, Mary's river friends knew her as "Mother's angel child." When she arrived at the necessary point of proficiency, with many tears and sighs her wordly goods were packed, and she sailed away to Fredericksburg in time to answer to the roll-call on the opening day of the Normal School. We never have understood why gentle, quiet, little Mary masquerades under the title of "Crosspatch" in the Mother Goose Club, because if this were true, she would not have the host of friends which she has, nor would she have been elected the President of her Class for 1911-12. Glee Club; Mother Goose Club; Down-the-River Club; Russell Literary Society; Battleground Camp Fire.



CLARA LOUISE von HOFSTEN

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

A girl of many lands and many talents, who tried Wisconsin, Sweden and Illinois before she found the right place. Behind her laugh is a sturdiness of character which makes her friendship something to be prized. She is said to have once had a poetical inspiration as she was walking down Broad Street carrying her suit-case. From all we can learn however, it does not seem to have resulted in anything greater than the scattering of her wearing apparel all over the side-walk when she calmly bumped into a telephone pole. Vice-President Richmond Club, 1912-13; President Richmond Club, 1913-14; Glee Club; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society; Chairman Bible Study Committee Y. W. C. A.; Editor of Clubs, BATTLEFIELD Staff.



SUSAN DABNEY WALKER

LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

Since coming to the Normal, Sue has strained her neck looking up telephone poles, and has developed a peculiar fondness for yellow writing paper and purple ink—which facts doubtless account for her large library on household arts. Her ability has been shown in the efficient service rendered in the many offices held during both years of her sojourn with us. Sue claims especial distinction by virtue of her constant cheerfulness and optimism. President Senior Class; Vice-President Junior Class; Secretary Y. W. C. A., 1913-14; Woodrow Wilson Literary Society; Glee Club; Tennis Club; Mother Goose Club; Better-to-Sew, My Dear, Club; Anti-Crush Club; One of the "Steady Regulars."

Alma Mater—Class '14



CATHARINE ELIZABETH WARE
TAPPAHANNOCK, VIRGINIA

It is reported that Catharine lives on the water and is "able" to like everything that comes out of it—even sailors. Her purpose in life is to write poetry, and, when she hasn't a "weak spell," she has been known to write delightful love ballads to Mrs. Chandler. The Class expects soon to receive an autograph copy of her first "Book of Song," bound in Orange and Brown. Chairman Intercollegiate Committee Y. W. C. A.; Vice-President Happy Dozen Club; Russell Literary Society; Down-the-River Club; Glee Club; "Old Mother Hubbard" in Mother Goose Club; Krokay Klub; Class Poet, 1914; Shawondassa Camp Fire.

Dear Alma Mater! Class '14,
Can we forget this lovely scene?
Our hearts are throbbing with delight!
This is our Graduating Night!
Before the Future's door thrown wide,
Ere we into the unknown glide,
To all dear friends we love so true—
We come to bid farewell to you.

Teachers and friends we leave behind,
Whose patient help was ever kind.
To them we sincerely wish to prove
In words of praise our gratitude.
Our hearts with joy and hope beat high!
But ah! with sadness as the time goes by
For ere this happy scene is thru,
We bid farewell to you.

Upon the past our memory falls—
Of lessons learned within these walls,
The duties that we did not shun,
Of battles fought and victories won.
And now that future duties call
In great things, and alike in small,
We'll ever strive to do our best
And not upon these laurels rest.

As we go forth the world to face
With brave desire to win the race,
If high ideals we aim to teach
We'll strive to "Practice what we preach."
Our aim in life is to aspire
For something grander, ever higher.
To ourselves be always true,
And face misfortune bravely, too.

And when we hear the last roll-call
By Him who "marks the sparrow's fall"—
When all life's lessons have been learned,
May not our efforts then be spurned;
But may the Teacher say in love
With tender mercy from above:
"Come higher, good and faithful few;
Receive the prize that's saved for you."

Catharine E. Ware.

Remembrances of 1912-13-14

IMAGINE my feelings when I found that I had been elected Class Historian! The bigness of the task almost drove me frantic, but I put on a bold front and just listened while my classmates talked. This is what I heard: "Do you remember getting classified that first year? The horrors we went through having our voices tested makes me shudder now. Then, add to that writing letters to Miss Dadmun, telling her all about ourselves and how much we knew!"

"All that's bad enough," said another voice, "and it makes me want to drink of the waters of forgetfulness; but you all know it doesn't compare with those indescribably homesick times when we used to sit on the hill-side and cry. Nannie Waller was about the only one who was always cheerful."

"It was evidently too much for Sarah Temple Segar, for she had to go home, and came back next year to be a member of the class of '14 instead of '13, which was fortunate for us."

"I can't see anything funny in that. Pray tell us what you are giggling about."

"Oh, I was just thinking of how queer Russell Hall looked that first fall, with one-half of the building boarded up, and the auditorium, gym, post-office and library unknown quantities. I can just see Miss Dadmun and Mr. Hamlet trying to pour the principles of English and Chemistry into our heads against the noise of the gravel grinder and the carpenter's hammer."

"Then the exciting times we had choosing the school colors, and after they had been selected, taking Orange and Brown for our own Class Colors."

"That reminds me of the election of our first officers—Mary Snead, President; Mary W. Johnson, Vice-President; Louise Lewis, Secretary and Susie Lewis, Treasurer; and our Honorary Members, Dr. Humphreys and Miss Hinman."

One hitherto silent member suddenly jumped up, with a glowing countenance, and on being asked of what she was thinking, said: "Why, of our athletic glories!" With thrills of excitement we all thought of that first Field Day, of the beautiful Trophy Cup, and of how we had worked to get the thirty-five dollars to buy it. The stillness

was broken with "Can we ever forget how Nellie Purks saved the day with her running and jumping, and how Louise Lewis won the potato race in her most businesslike manner? Why, we won all the contests except the broad jump."

"Since Martha Fleet's great achievement that day in the sack-race she has retired from athletics forever."

"So much for athletics," said the member who loves a good time; "I am thinking of that Valentine Party Dr. Humphreys and Miss Hinman gave us, when the famous lovers, Jack and Jill, Cinderella and the Prince, Mark Antony and Cleopatra, and many others, came. Those were good times!"

"Yes, I remember Ruth Clarkson was Pocahontas. She acted the part so well that she acquired some of the traits of Indian character—she's never been in a hurry nor excited since."

"Wasn't that first summer at home short? Before we hardly knew it, we were back again, real Juniors, and electing new officers—Junia Graves, President; Sue Walker, Vice-President; Nell Ford, Secretary; and Myrtis Tankard, Treasurer. Only the absence of Dr. Humphreys marred our happiness, but Psychology, Theory of Education, Methods in everything, and trying to 'make the big points stand out' kept us busy. Then Flora Hill came. Weren't we amazed to find that she was a Junior?"

"We were some Class that year with Myrtis, Sallye, Ella Garnett and Mary Warner on the basketball team, and Louise Lewis, Mary Warner and Myrtis elected to the staff of THE BATTLEFIELD! No wonder we felt biggity!"

"Yes, especially after that hair-raising entertainment we gave the Seniors! We certainly showed them the underworld! Wasn't it comical to see Ethel Nash, the smallest member of our Class, as Atlas, carrying the world on her shoulders?"

"For giving a class the big head, however, that was nothing to the second Field Day. It was worth getting hoarse to find that Sallye Roberts and Lucy Gray Richardson were experts in a three-legged race, that Helen Phillips was the greatest ball-thrower in the State, and that Kathleen Scott was the best high jumper. I never shall forget how we used to yell at Alice, 'Get that ball, 'Bud' Finney,' and she usually got it, too."

"Then, Seniors at last! What a sophisticated, blasé air we put on at first, but the training school soon humbled us. Say, Historian, don't forget to put down our last officers: Sue Walker, President; Nannie Oliver, Vice-President; Mae Perrin, Secretary, and Beatrice Ashley, Treasurer. Nor THE BATTLEFIELD staff with Graham Mastin as editor-in-chief, and Jean Graves Assistant-Editor."

Such a medley of suggestions as I now heard! I managed with much difficulty to take down a few which might be of interest.

"I heard that the faculty had at last gotten Mary and Maxie Acree straight, and that they have stopped signing themselves 'M. Acree.' "

"After parting with the 'Mystical Trio,' I suppose Jane Garth will have to be a fortune teller in order to make up for the loss of mystery. She'd certainly never lack something to tell her 'patients.' "

"I often wonder how Ruth Post ever gets along without Iva Beachboard. Wasn't that ridiculous—Iva getting married Christmas with a History of Education in one hand and a marriage license in the other?"

"Wasn't it funny the day Miss Hinman said, in giving advice on discipline, 'Never talk to a class without its full attention,' only to discover later that Annie Scott had been copying History notes all the time?"

"I hope Isla Brizendine won't be in such a hurry to get home this year. You know how she made the chauffeur go at full speed and collide with another machine, making Isla think she was going to the happy hunting ground!"

"Remember the day Clara von Hofsten came and someone said: 'We hear you are from Illinois.' 'Oh no,' Clara replied, 'I am from Chicago!'"

"If I ever get a pony, I am going to send for Emma Lankford. She makes 'Rastus' such an excellent nurse!"

"I certainly hate to think of leaving dear old F. S. N. S. I wonder what my fate will be. I suppose I will have to be patient until Mary Deierhoi tells us in the class prophecy. I am so anxious to hear that, and Catherine Ware's wonderful Class Poem, too. Nannie Oliver is such a suffragette she ought to write a fine Last Will and Testament."

"Well, friends and fellow-classmates," said the sleepy member, yawning and slowly rising, "weighty matters are now burdening my mind." At the idea of such a thing we all opened our mouths in astonishment, and she calmly said, "The question is, 'how shall I make my graduating dress?'"

"To save jealousy and trouble, I move that we get Jessie Daffan to design a suitable one and we will all have them just alike."

"After that brilliant remark I move that we all adjourn; it's high time for us to be dreaming sweet dreams of graduation and diplomas."

MARY SELDEN SNEAD.

Last Will and Testament of the Senior Class

WE, THE SENIOR CLASS of 1914, of the State Normal School, Fredericksburg, Virginia, realizing the precariousness of this life, and fearing lest our manifold possessions will not be divided so as to bring the greatest psychological, physiological and sociological benefits to this worthy institution, do dispose of said possessions as follows:

ITEM 1. To the State Normal School, we do will and bequeath, *First*, A macadamized road from Washington Avenue to the dormitory, and a cement side-walk for pedestrians only. *Second*, A soda fountain of the most refreshing

drinks mixed, to be opened every day immediately after one period of walking hand-in-hand with misery—better known as “Monroe,” author of “A Brief Course in the History of Education.” *Third*, Three mules and a pulley to pull the girls up the hill; also an Alpine staff for each girl. *Fourth*, For the ornamentation of Russell Hall, and to keep alive our memory, a reproduction of the mural decorations by Alexander—“The Evolution of the Book.”

ITEM 2. To Mr. Russell, our honored President, we do will and bequeath \$1,000,000, to be used in building a new dormitory. In it there shall be thirty-one single iron beds where we may feel privileged to come and rest our weary “human mechanisms” after “days of endless toil and nights devoid of ease.” For the ornamentation and decoration of said structure, we leave a life-size portrait of each Senior, to be placed in one conspicuous room of this dormitory, which shall be called the “Hall of Fame.”

ITEM 3. To our beloved honorary member, Miss Hinman, we do will and bequeath our artistic classmate, Nancy Parker, knowing that she will be overjoyed at the prospective return of Nancy. Also, we do bequeath to her three whole acres of double brown-eyed Susans, “lest she forget.” Our corpses will not rest in peace unless we leave her our undying gratitude for her multitudinous suggestions and help at all times.

ITEM 4. To Miss Forbes, we will the additional care of the girls in the new dormitory, believing her to be capable of caring for an unlimited number. The said girls shall be free from la grippe, measles, chicken pox and diphtheria. Also, we leave her a life-long pension for her care of us when ill and her watchfulness of our wayward steps; and a book entitled “Squelches of All Ages,” to be used whenever needed.

ITEM 5. To our respected friend and admired philosopher, Mr. Tyner, we will an everlasting heating system for his house, which heat shall be produced from the combined conflagration of thirty Histories of Education and thirty effigies of Monroe, one made by each Senior according to her conception of the gentleman. We also leave him one hundred boxes, each containing one hundred packages of chewing-gum, to be distributed among future Seniors previous to any great struggle, such as a Junior-Senior basketball game. We also will him many thanks for the superabundant theories he expounded to us, such as our descent from monkeys. Other things being equal, we have come to the conclusion, to be sure, that there is no impression without expression. Therefore, our expressions will be numberless. We would not fail to leave him one hundred extra Riverside Monographs, to furnish the future Seniors with light, trashy reading in leisure hours.

ITEM 6. To Miss Graves, we will a new set of graduation requirements demanding of graduates the following:

1. To swim one mile on one deep breath;
2. To tie their shoulder blades into all sorts of knots, bows, half-hitches and lovers' knots;
3. To drink the dam dry every three days;

4. To take walks once a week to any such nearby places as Kalamazoo or Cape Horn.

ITEM 7. To Miss Fraser, we do will and bequeath an up-to-date Victrola, with flute-like, bird-like, silvery, sweet, square head-tones, and a round mouth. We leave her also a copy of our Class song, which is to be taught in the First Grade of the Training School and sung on such patriotic occasions as George Washington's birthday. As her baton was broken working with us, we leave her a new iron one, which will stand the wear and tear of two beats for rising.

ITEM 8. To the First Lieutenant of the Normal School Fire Brigade, Gunyon M. Harrison, we do will and bequeath:

1. One woman who is not "just like a woman"—perhaps a Texas cow-girl, or a sharpshooter;
2. A chauffeur, so that he will be able to chat with the ladies—also, to protect the Fredericksburg telephone poles;
3. We "cordially" leave him the privilege of coaching the Freshmen until they win the cup, or at least until they can "throw a ball into the swimming pool."

ITEM 9. To Miss Dadmun, we will a janitor who approves of fresh air, a stationary dictionary, and a class of girls aspiring to be walking encyclopedias.

ITEM 10. To the Training School critic teachers, we leave—

1. Gallons of red ink and a sympathetic attitude;
2. The privilege of passing on our wonderful and original methods, which we introduced into the Training School.

ITEM 11. To Miss Strong, we do bequeath criticisms of all errors possible to practice teachers in a book with detachable pages, so that she may deal them out promiscuously. We also will money enough to provide her with a coach-and-four to carry her from one tempestuous scene to another.

ITEM 12. To Mr. Hamlet we will a volume of jokes for the entertainment of his classes and "Mrs. Murphy." To Mrs. Hamlet, a book on Husband Training and to both a new pipe.

ITEM 13. To Miss Jackson, we leave a bantam hen, rooster and chickens for her laboratory, none of which can crow and disturb the classes in progress.

ITEM 14. To the Junior Class, we bequeath everything not otherwise disposed of, the greatest of which is the privilege of walking in the path that we have trod—the one to the Training School—and conversing intelligently on History of Education, Philosophy, Crime and Vice, and the Human Mechanism. We do will and bequeath the following, also:

1. The parlor on Sunday night—provided they let our beaux alone;
2. Our criticism books, containing our life histories, written in tears;
3. The mourning bench in the Training School hall under the clock, where they shall be instructed with words sweet and gentle as to the straight and narrow path they should have trod;
4. Our heart-felt wishes that their career will end as successfully as it has begun (since they will not have us as rivals);
5. Bunting in their Class colors—already dyed;
6. Our admiring love and loving admiration.

We do hereby appoint Judge A. B. Chandler, Jr., sole executor of this, our Last Will and Testament; said executor to provide any funds that may be necessary for the execution of this will.

In testimony whereof, we have set our hands and seals, this thirtieth day of May, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and fourteen.

NANNIE OLIVER, Attorney-at-Large.

Class Prophecy

AT LAST, the letter has come that we, classmates of 1914, promised to write ten years ago! I am so glad that I am the last one, for I can read all of the letters before I write mine.

CALCUTTA, INDIA, *September 12, 1923.*

Well, Girls! I have had a time! Could you ever imagine me leading an expedition over the glaciers and snow-capped peaks in the Himalaya mountains? That is exactly what I have done! We had lots of trouble; once an avalanche nearly killed us, but one day we found ourselves on the highest glacier in Asia—that never had been discovered! Wasn't that thrilling? This will bring back memories to you: I named the two peaks "Moore" and "Jackson."

Best wishes—ISLA BRISENDINE.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, *January 3, 1924.*

Hello, Girls! I was startled the other day when I picked up the *New York Sun* to see in flaming letters that Louise Lewis and Martha Fleet were in prison—militant suffragettes, of course! I had just sold my entire trainload of cattle for a good price (you see, my Western cattle ranch dream came true), so I decided to visit them. They were both on a hunger strike and too weak to write to you, so I was to tell you about it. Since I have seen them I have concluded that the ranch is the place for me.

With love—NANNIE WALLER PARKER.

ATHENS, GREECE, February 5, 1924.

Dear Girls,—Strange things will sometimes happen! You remember how I was accused of being slow in getting to Mr. Tyner's classes? What do you suppose I have done? I was over here traveling and decided to enter the Marathon! No, I didn't come out last; I won the First Prize! I ran five miles in twelve minutes!

As ever—RUTH CLARKSON.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, February 21, 1924.

Although I am tired and completely worn out, I feel that I must tell you about my dance. I have been working on it for months; it was an interpretation of "The Four Seasons," and I wish you could have seen my girls in their costumes! I gave it at the Academy of Music. It was a great success; the audience was just spell-bound! I am going to repeat it on the eighteenth of next month, and I wish all of you could come.

Success to you, old pals—ELLA GARNETT HOSKINS.

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA, June 2, 1924.

I have just gotten back from my vacation. I could never live through it again. I accepted an invitation from some of my friends to go to the South Sea Islands and dive for pearls—you remember my fascination for swimming. When I got there, I was thoroughly charmed with the prospects of finding pearls. The next day I went in but was not successful, it being my first attempt. When I got on the shore I was met by a mob of cannibals, and you can see me now running for my life. After that I had a bodyguard.

Lots of love—CATHERINE WARE.

LOUISA, VIRGINIA, June 5, 1924.

Dear Classmates,—If any of you are weary and tired of life, come right out here on my little farm, and I promise you you will soon cheer up; my husband is a right jolly man. Can't you see me now, feeding my chickens or sitting on the porch waiting for *h-i-m* to come home? I do not know how it all happened. One day I was seized heart-and-soul by a rather (?) attractive man. I'm not sorry!

Affectionately—JANE GARTH RANSONE.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, June 8, 1924.

I know that you have seen in the papers all about our World Series Baseball Games, and how, by mere chance, we won the last game, getting the championship. The game stood 2-2 in the last half of the last inning, with our opponents at bat. I suddenly thought I would put in my old stand-by, Mary Acree, who has made such a good pitcher. She fanned the three men, and we won in the next inning. I hope that you will hear of my team again next Spring.

So long!—"BUD" FINNEY, *Captain of the Giants*.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, June 10, 1924.

So I am to tell you what I am doing? Well, I am up here in Richmond at Madame Seraphine's establishment, designing costumes for graduates. How did it happen, you say? You remember what a hard time we had when we graduated to get a uniform dress? I thought I would save other graduates that worry, and I am enjoying my work thoroughly. Who do you suppose came in the other day? Mary Snead! She is the Fashion Editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and wanted some new ideas for her next number. She is just the same person.

Fondly—JESSIE DAFFAN.

FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA, *June 12, 1924.*

Hello!—At last! I have gained my freedom! You know how hard I have worked since I was made President of the Normal College at Fredericksburg; but it did not pay—was not remunerative. So, today I handed in my resignation, and tomorrow I enter my new career which has a fortune in it—pays so much better. When O'Brien's circus comes to your town, be sure to attend, for you will see

RUTH POST.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *June 14, 1924.*

Hello there!—Sarah Temple Segar has the neuritis, so I am writing for her. She has just finished correcting her new book on "The Low Cost of Dressing," which I illustrated for her. We are contemplating getting out a new edition to this soon. By all means read it, for there are great ideas in it.

Good luck—BEATRICE ASHLEY.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, *June 17, 1924.*

When I promised to write what I was doing, why, I thought I would be just a teacher; but here I am, at the head of a police department, teaching women how to shoot. Woman has so much work to do away from home these days! I know you will be interested to know, too, that Maxie Acree has become such a proficient shooter that the county elected her game warden, to protect the birds from slaughter. And, by the way, Annie Scott applied yesterday for lessons, for she says she lives so much alone she wants to be able to shoot her burglars.

Yours—LUCY GRAY RICHARDSON.

WOMAN'S FEDERATION OF CLUBS

PRESIDENT—HELEN C. PHILLIPS

NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK, *June 20, 1924.*

Dear Girls,—The papers have told you ere this that Helen Phillips was made President of the Woman's Federation of Clubs since we met at the Normal five years ago. She would write you, but is rushed to death getting her Child's Labor Law passed; so she bids me tell you she is enjoying her work and has changed her mind about woman's place in public work. We both think it great!

Best wishes—CLARA VON HOFSTEN, Secretary.

FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA, *June 25, 1924.*

You never can tell what we will do in this life, anyhow! I used to think any place but Fredericksburg—and here I am! But it is a different town, now I am President of The City Beautiful Movement, and have had great success. The State has just awarded this town a prize for the most beautiful in the State. When that came, I felt rewarded for the "spats" my husband and I had over my going to the meetings. Flora Hill has been doing great work. She is at the head of the Playground Association.

Lovingly—MAE PERRIN SHIELD.

LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA, *July 1, 1924.*

How delighted I am to be able to write you, classmates, and tell you about our interesting work in the slums of this city. Sue and I are conducting a school in this part of town, and we are giving a course in hygienic and sanitary cooking. I believe we have remembered some of the principles in Child Psychology, and are doing good work for the poor, helpless children. Sue sends her best wishes to all. She is busy editing her new edition to "Sue Walker's Hygienic Cook Book."

All good wishes—NANNIE OLIVER.

HARRISONBURG, VIRGINIA, *July 3, 1924.*

Dear Girls,—Come right out here if you want to know how to live; and we will also give you some lessons in Human Nature. Graham and I are conducting a tuberculosis camp up here in the mountains, and in connection with that, an open-air school for the children. It is so interesting to mark their improvement. Graham is now out on the porch telling some of the smaller children stories. We send love to all of you.

Just the same—ETHEL NASH, Assistant.

MARION, VIRGINIA, *July 5, 1924.*

Well, to make a long story short, I was appointed First Grade Teacher out here in this region. These children were every possible variation from the normal type. You know I always was curious about "home influences," so I began to study their environment—took a regular course in Child Study. That didn't suit, so I became a doctor, and am now in this same town at the head of the hygienic movement. If you could look in on me some day, you would get interested, too.

Best wishes—JUNIA GRAVES.

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA, *July 8, 1924.*

Hello!—True to my promise! O dear, how time flies! Just think, it has been five years since we saw each other! Here I am in Staunton Institute, happy as a lark, singing to my little helpless folks. I love the work, for it brings the children so much joy. Emma Lankford is here with me conducting a Pasteurized milk station, and I believe she will make it a great success. The people seem to be appreciating her efforts with this big movement. Both of us send love and good wishes.

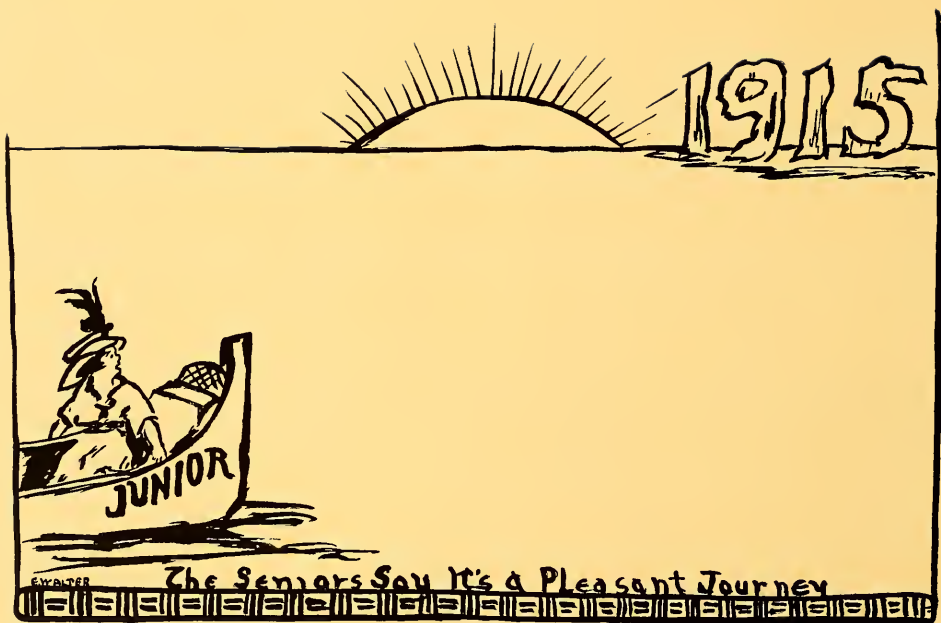
Fondly—KATHLEEN SCOTT.

NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK, *September 3, 1924.*

I have read all your letters, and they have been a perfect delight. We have just had tea—Jean Graves and I. You wonder how we happened together. You may know from the papers that I went to England to the International Tennis Tournament, and that I proudly brought the cup back to America. The first person I saw when I landed was dear old Jean, in her little Salvation Army bonnet. She is a veritable "Big Sister" to all.

We both send love—MARY DEIERHOI.

MARY CHRISTINE DEIERHOI, *Prophet.*



Class of 1915

COLORS: Coral and Blue-Green.

FLOWER: Salmon Rose.

MOTTO: "Not failure, but low aim is crime."

OFFICERS

ELIZA PEIRCE . . .	President	JANET LACROSSE . . .	Athletic Representative.
MAUDE SEAY . . .	Vice-President	CHARLOTTE RICE . . .	Class Editor
ELIZABETH CHENERY . .	Secretary-Treasurer	GUNYON M. HARRISON . .	Honorary Member

ROLL—JUNIORS

MURIEL BARBER	BEULAH DETWILER	BELMEAR LINTHICUM	MARY ROBERTS
VIRGINIA BOLEN	EDNA GIBBS	THERESA LYNCH	ELIZABETH RUSSELL
ALVA BURMINGHAM	SARA GOULDMAN	ELIZABETH McDONNELL	MARGARET SACREY
JOYCE BRADFORD	HELEN GARDNER	EVELYN MAHONE	MARGARET SAYRE
EFFIE BROADDUS	ANNE HARRIS	HELEN MUNRO	MAUDE SEAY
SOPH BROOKING	FRANCES HARRELL	ELIZABETH NINDE	JOSEPHINE SHIELDS
LOUISE BURKE	LOUISE HENLEY	HELEN NORTHRUP	SARAH B. SPINDLE
NANNIE BURRUS	MARTHA HERNDON	ELIZA PEIRCE	NORINE TENNIS
ANNIE CARTER	FANNIE HITER	ALMA RAIFORD	MANNIE TORBERT
RUTH CARTER	NELL HOLLADAY	LUCILE RAWLINGS	EDITH WALTERS
ELIZABETH CHENERY	MAY HURT	CHARLOTTE RICE	RUTH WILLIAMS
MARY TEMPLE COLEMAN	MARTHA HUGHES	LATANE RICE	ALICE WARREN
LILLIAN CRAIG	JOSEPHINE JERRELL	MARJORIE RIKER	ELSIE WOOD
THERESA DANNEHL	JANET LACROSSE		

ROLL—ABRIDGED JUNIORS

EDNA ARNOLD	ETTINETTE BROADDUS	MERLE GARRETT	RUTH LOUMAN	BERTHA SCOTT
LEAH ARNOLD	BERTHA BEAZLEY	ELIZABETH GORDEN	CLARA MORGAN	ELIZABETH SMITH
ALLENE BALDERSON	MARY LIN COLEMAN	HALLIE HASKINS	FANNIE PITTS	THELMA TURNER
PEARL BOND	JOSEPHINE CROUCH	ETHEL JOHNSTON	JANE PITTS	VIVIAN TWEEDY
HILDA BROADDUS	ETTA DAVIS	WAVERLY LAWSON	EMARD QUINN	



JUNIORS—CLASS OF 1915



ABRIDGED JUNIORS—CLASS OF 1915



Class of 1916

MOTTO: Excelsior.

FLOWER: Daisy.

COLORS: Gold and White.

OFFICERS

LILLIAN HAISLIP	President
MARTHA GRAVES	Vice-President
LUCY DUVAL	Secretary

ROLL

VIRGINIA SAUNDERS	ULA CLUVERIUS
SEX SMITH	MARTHA GRAVES
GRACE BEAZLEY	LILLIAN HAISLIP
ELEANOR TAYLOR	NELL LAWSON
EMMA HASKINS	LAURA WRIGHT
FANNIE HASKINS	LUCILE RYLAND
ADDIE DUFF	LUCY DUVAL



CLASS OF 1916



Class of 1917

MOTTO: Prosperity is our watchword.

COLORS: Lavender and White

FLOWER: Violet.

OFFICERS

EMMA LAWLESS	President
LUCILE BOGGS	Vice-President
LILLIE LEE MICHIE	Secretary-Treasurer

CLASS ROLL

LELIA BABCOCK	RUTH GARRETT	PATTIE LEE RICHARDS
CALLIE BAILEY	NANNIE GOODMAN	GERTRUDE SAUNDERS
ABBIE BALLARD	FLORENCE GRAVES	LOIS SHUMAN
EFFIE BALLARD	MARY HARWOOD	ETHEL SMITH
LUCILE BOGGS	LENA HICKS	MARION SOUTHALL
VIRGINIA BOXLEY	BERNICE HOGAN	JOSEPHINE SPINDLE
RUBY BROOKING	MARGARET JAMES	AVESHA STRAUGHAN
ELIZABETH BURNETTE	GENEVIEVE JENKINS	MARY ELLIS TUCKER
ALENA BURRUS	RUBY JONES	LILLIAN WARING
LUCILE BURTON	MARY KENDALL	RUTH WICKHAM
ELIZABETH CARTER	EMMA LAWLESS	KATHLEEN WHITE
KATHERINE CORR	JOSEPHINE MARCHANT	AGNES WRIGHT
BERTIE CRALLE	LILLIE LEE MICHIE	COLUMBIA WRIGHT
EUNICE DANIEL	ADA NASH	LUCY WRIGHT
VIRGINIA FARINHOLT	HORTENSE PARKER	RUSSELL YOWELL
KATHLEEN FLIPPIN	MAUD PEYTON	



CLASS OF 1917



PREPARATORY CLASS OF 1918

Class of 1918

MOTTO: Excelsior.

COLORS: Purple and Gold

FLOWER: Violet.

OFFICERS

ELSIE KING	President
HELEN PEYTON	Vice-President
HULDAH DANIEL	Secretary-Treasurer
LOUISE COSBY	Athletic Representative

MEMBERS

ELSIE BROADDUS	ELSIE KING
EDNA CARTER	PEARL LUCAS
MARTHA CARTER	ANNE MONCURE
LOUISE COSBY	GRACE NICHOLS
HULDAH DANIEL	LUCY PAYNE
HESTER DEMPSEY	MAY PAYNE
LULA FRENCH	HELEN PEYTON
VIRGINIA GORDON	CLARA RICHARDS
ELIZABETH HARZEST	MARY RICHARDSON
LENA HARRIS	PAULINE SNEED
MEREDITH KENDALL	ELVA THOMPSON



CLASS OF 1918

*"O, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!"*

The Best All-Round . . .	RUTH WICKHAM	The Most Contented . . .	PEARL LUCAS
The Best Artist . . .	HELEN NORTHROP	The Most Enthusiastic . . .	KATHLEEN SCOTT
The Best Athlete . . .	SEX SMITH	The Most Fickle . . .	KATHERINE CORR
The Best Natured . . .	JOSEPHINE CROUCH	The Most Graceful . . .	MARGARET SACREY
The Biggest Bluffer . . .	LOUISE HENLEY	The Most Indifferent . . .	ELIZABETH CHENERY
The Biggest Crusher . . .	LEMIRA CARTER	The Most Ingenious . . .	NANNIE W. PARKER
The Biggest Flirt . . .	MARY ELLIS TUCKER	The Most Intellectual . . .	GRAHAM MASTIN
The Biggest Loafer . . .	LOUISE HENLEY	The Most Modest . . .	MARY TEMPLE COLEMAN
The Biggest Sport . . .	JOSEPHINE SHIELDS	The Most Original . . .	MARGARET SAYRE
The Cutest . . .	CHARLOTTE RICE	The Most Popular . . .	KATHLEEN FLIPPIN
The Daintiest . . .	MARTHA HUGHES	The Most Stylish . . .	EMMA LAWLESS
The Greatest Talker . . .	JOSEPHINE MARCHANT	The Most Sincere . . .	NANNIE W. PARKER
The Hardest Worker . . .	ETHEL SMITH	The Most Talented . . .	RUTH WICKHAM
The Laziest . . .	LOUISE HENLEY	The Neatest . . .	MARY SNEAD
The Most Accommodating . . .	KATHLEEN SCOTT	The Noisiest . . .	THERESA LYNCH
The Most Affectionate . . .	RUBY JONES	The Prettiest . . .	ELLA GARNETT HOSKINS
The Most Attractive . . .	EMMA LAWLESS	The Quietest . . .	FANNIE HITER
The Most Airy . . .	MARTHA HUGHES	The Slangiest . . .	VIRGINIA BOXLEY
The Most Conceited . . .	EMMA LAWLESS	The Wittiest . . .	MARGARET SAYRE





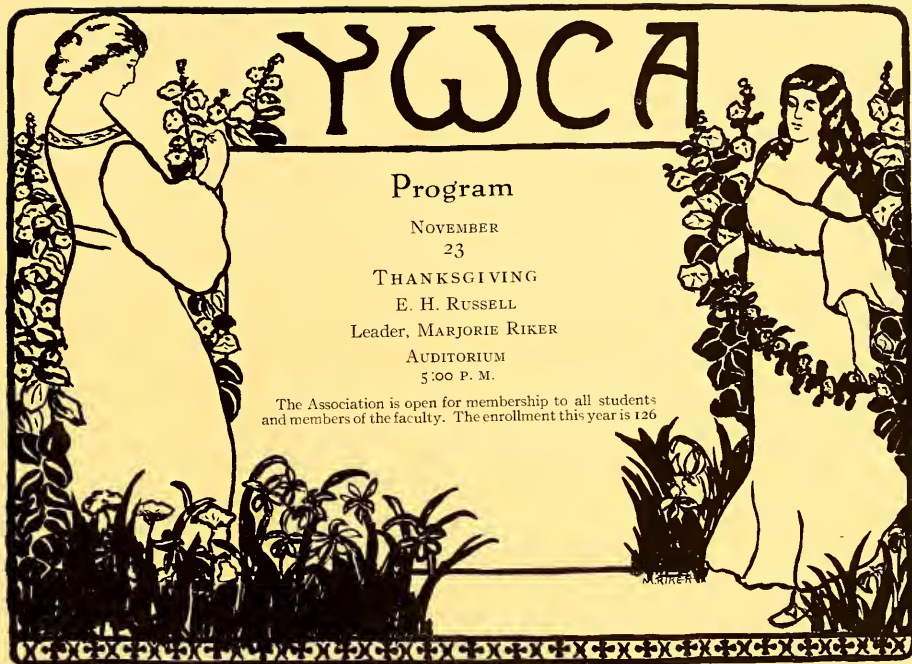
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet

OFFICERS

JUNIA GRAVES	President	SUE D. WALKER	Secretary
RUTH CARTER	Vice-President	RUTH WICKHAM	Treasurer

CHAIRMEN

Membership	RUTH CARTER	Association News	CATHARINE WARE
Religious Meetings	JEAN GRAVES	Social	MARTHA HUGHES
Bible Study	CLARA VON HOFSTEN	Social Service	EMMA LANKFORD
Missionary	NANNIE OLIVER	Advisory Officer	VIRGINIA M. GOOLRICK
Finance	RUTH WICKHAM		



Y. W. C. A. History 1913-1914

THE present Cabinet of the Y. W. C. A. came into office on the 26th of March, 1913. During the first week of April, the Y. W. C. A. sent a delegation of ten girls to the National Biennial Y. W. C. A. Convention, held in Richmond. Later, our President was also sent to the Blue Ridge Conference, where she obtained a great deal of useful information. With the beginning of the September term, we returned to school eager to begin our work, which has been along various lines. We have tried to select leaders for our weekly meetings who would give practical messages to the girls. Besides several ministers from town, and members of the faculty, many students have led these meetings, which have been most instructive and helpful.

In the fall term, four Mission Study classes, with faculty members as leaders, were organized. At the close of an eight-weeks' course, the classes presented the Foreign Mission Pageant, which gave a splendid idea of what the Association is doing in other countries. This spring, we have four Bible classes, led by both teachers and students.

All through the year we have had many social affairs. The first of these was the annual reception given to all students at the opening of school. This was followed by several birthday parties and informal functions for both members and non-members.

We were very much delighted to be able to send two delegates to the State Council, at Farmville, and one delegate to the great Student Volunteer Convention, at Kansas City. Interesting reports from both conventions gave us some idea of what is being accomplished by the Y. W. C. A., and Student Volunteer movements. We also hope to have two representatives at the Blue Ridge Conference, in June.

This year we have added a new member to our cabinet—Chairman of the Social Service Committee. Under the direction of this chairman, we have helped several poor families in Fredericksburg and sent flowers to the sick. Next year, we hope that much time will be given to the development of this interesting phase of the work.

By systematic giving, we have realized enough money to maintain our scholarship in this school, and help with Miss Guitna's work in India. Some of the money for current expenses and the conference fund was raised by a large bazaar in December. The remainder, we raised by a County Fair in March.





TROPHY CUP

Athletic Association

OFFICERS

SEX SMITH President MARY SNEAD Secretary-Treasurer

MEMBERS—Student Body

WINNERS OF BASKETBALL MONOGRAM

BERTHA SCOTT, '15 LUCY GREY RICHARDSON, '14 MARY SNEAD, '14
 ELLA GARNETT HOSKINS, '14 VIRGINIA BOLEN, '15 SEX SMITH, '16

ADVISORY COMMITTEE

CARY GRAVES GUNYON M. HARRISON OLIVE M. HINMAN DR. C. MASON SMITH ANNIE I. ANTHONY

YELLS	{	Rickety! Rackety!	Rah! Rah! Rah!
		Biff! Boom! Hah!	That is true!
		Heigho! Heigho!	All hurrah for Green and Blue!
		Rah! Rah! Rah!	Hey! Hey! Hey!
		Hoco-poco! Aren't we keen?	Do your best!
		The S. N. S. Varsity Team!	Never meddle with S. N. S!

FIELD DAY

The annual class contests for the Trophy Cup for the year 1913 included the following events, as won by the classes indicated:

Basketball JUNIOR	Throwing Baseball JUNIOR	Target Shooting SENIOR
Tennis SENIOR	Relay Race JUNIOR	Seventy-five Yard Dash JUNIOR
Swedish Folk Dance SENIOR	Standing Broad Jump FRESHMAN	Sack Race JUNIOR
Walking SENIOR	Low Hurdle FRESHMAN	Three-legged Race JUNIOR
Fifty-yard Dash JUNIOR	Potato Relay JUNIOR	Shuttle Relay JUNIOR
Running High Jump FRESHMAN-SENIOR	Potato Race FRESHMAN	Swimming PREPARATORY

In these contests the classes stood as follows:

JUNIORS 142 points	FRESHMEN 61 points	SOPHOMORES 5 points
SENIORS 82 points	PREPARATORY 60 points	

The various contests for the cup extended throughout the whole session, the interest reaching a climax on Field Day, which event occurred May 10, 1913. The walking, basketball and tennis games had taken place before this time.

On the morning of Field Day, such events as races, jumping, etc., were entered into with great enthusiasm, and excitement ran high. In the afternoon, a May-Day festival was engaged in. In an appropriate part of the grove, a play, "Sleeping Beauty," was presented, and a Swedish folk-dance was given by girls from each class.

After the May song was sung and the Seniors had given the May-Pole dance, the May Queen crowned the victors in the several athletic contests of the morning. The silver trophy cup was presented to a representative of the Junior Class by Mr. Gilmore, one of the Fredericksburg ministers. Mr. Lanier, another Fredericksburg minister, presented prizes offered by the merchants of the town to the successful contestants.

ATHLETIC BADGE CONTEST

Early in the last session, Mr. T. S. Settle, then State Supervisor of Rural Schools, visited this school in behalf of the Athletic Badge Contest for Virginia school girls. This visit resulted in many of the students participating in this contest, under the training of Miss Graves.

The qualifications for the badges, and the winners of same, are as follows:

- | | | |
|----------------|---|--|
| CLASS A BADGE. | { | 1. Potato race—42 seconds; or, All-up Indian club race—30 seconds. |
| | { | 2. Basketball throwing—2 goals, 2 minutes; or, Bean-bag target toss—100 points, 2 minutes. |
| | { | 3. Balancing—24 feet, 2 trials. |
| CLASS B BADGE. | { | 1. Potato race—39 seconds; or, All-up Indian club race—28 seconds. |
| | { | 2. Basketball throwing—3 goals, 2 minutes; or, Bean-bag target toss—150 points, 2 minutes. |
| | { | 3. Balancing (bean bag on head)—24 feet, 2 trials. |

WINNERS CLASS A BADGE	{	GRACE BEAZLEY	LOTTIE BROADDUS	
	{	VIRGINIA BOLEN	ETTINETTE BROADDUS	MOODY SCHOALS

CLASS B BADGE—MARY WARNER JOHNSON

WALKING

At the beginning of the session 1913-14, a series of walks was planned, to be taken at intervals all during the session.

The students, chaperoned by different instructors, visited Falmouth, Guntery Springs, Coal Springs and many other points of interest around Fredericksburg.

SWIMMING

Although there have been in the school for some time good instruction and all necessary equipment for the students to learn to swim, but few have taken advantage of these opportunities.

This year, as encouragement toward the learning of this fascinating and useful art, badges are offered to all who are proficient in swimming, and it is hoped that many girls will win them.



Basketball Subs

LEAH ARNOLD
PEARL BOND
SOPH BROOKING
ANNIE CARTER
KATHERINE CORR
JOSEPHINE CROUCH
EDNA GIBBS

FANNIE HASKINS
GENEVIEVE JENKINS
ETHEL JOHNSON
RUTH LOWMAN
MARY NEUBURNE
HELEN PEYTON
EMARD QUINN

MARY RICHARDSON
MARY ROBERTS
LOIS SHUMAN
AGNES SPENGER
NORINNE TENNIS
ELEANOR TAYLOR

MANNIE TOLBERT
VIVIAN TWEEDY
ALICE WAPREN
LILLIAN WARING
KATHLEEN WHITE
LAURA WRIGHT



BASKETBALL SQUAD

Basketball Squad

FORWARDS

LOUISE HENLEY
LUCY GREY RICHARDSON

BERTHA SCOTT
ELLA GARNETT HOSKINS

CENTERS

JANET LACROSSE

VIRGINIA BOLEN

JANE PITTS

RUTH WICKHAM

GUARDS

SEX SMITH
ALICE FINNEY

ADA NASH
ALMA RAIFORD

SUBSTITUTES

LILIAN HAISLIP

MARY SNEAD

HELEN PHILLIPS

BERTIE CRALLE

MARY HARWOOD

EFFIE BROADDUS

GRACE BEAZLEY

LEAM FLIPPIN



Tennis Club

OFFICERS

EMMA LAWLESS	President
LOUISE HENLEY	Secretary
CHARLOTTE RICE	Treasurer

MEMBERS

CALLIE BAILEY	LOUISE LEWIS
MARY DEIERHOI	LUCILE RYLAND
JANE GARTH	BERTHA SCOTT
LILIAN HAJSLIP	SEX SMITH
ELLA GARNETT HOSKINS	SUE WALKER
LUCY WRIGHT	

HONORARY MEMBERS

GUNYON M. HARRISON	DR. C. MASON SMITH
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DEUCE TENNIS CLUB

Deuce Tennis Club

MOTTO: Deuce all; love none.

OFFICERS

RUTH WILLIAMS	President
BEULAH DETWILER	Vice-President
BERTIE CRALLE	Secretary-Treasurer

MEMBERS

MARY ACREE	HELEN REYTON
LEAH ARNOLD	ALMA RAIFORD
PEARL BOND	LATANE RICE
VIRGINIA BOLEN	LUCY GREY RICHARDSON
ANNIE CARTER	MARY RICHARDSON
KATHERINE CORR	MARJORIE RIKER
EDNA GIBBS	LOIS SHUMAN
JUNIA GRAVES	JOSEPHINE SPINDLE
MARY HARWOOD	GRACE TANNER
RITA IZZARD	ELEANOR TAYLOR
GENEVIEVE JENKINS	MANNIE TORBERT
JANET LACROSSE	ALICE WARREN
HELEN NORTHROP	LILLIAN WARING
MAE PERRIN	RUSSELL YOWELL

HONORARY MEMBERS

CARY GRAVES

GUNYON HARRISON



The Tigers

LOUISE LEWIS, Captain

MARY ACREE	HELEN PHILLIPS
BERTHA BEAZLEY	BERTHA SCOTT
ISLA BRIZENDINE	SEX SMITH
ALICE PINNEY	LUCY WRIGHT
ELLA GARNETT HOSKINS	

The Giants

LILLIAN HAISLIP, Captain

KATHERINE CORR	GRACE NICHOLS
MARY HARWOOD	NANNIE OLIVER
FANNIE HASKINS	MARY RICHARDSON
JANET LaCROSSE	LILLIAN WARING
ADA NASH	RUSSELL YOWELL

HONORARY MEMBERS

GUNYON M. HARRISON

Dr. C. MASON SMITH



RIFLE CLUB

Rifle Club

SEX SMITH . Captain

HELEN PHILLIPS . Manager

GUNYON HARRISON . Organizer

LUCILE BOGGS	KATHLEEN FLIPPIN	GENEVIEVE JENKINS	PATTIE LEE RICHARDS
VIRGINIA BOLEN	ALICE FINNEY	RUBY JONES	CHARLOTTE RICE
PEARL BOND	EDNA GIBBS	ETHEL JOHNSTON	LUCY GRAY RICHARDSON
ISLA BRIZENDINE	RUTH GARRETT	ELSIE KING	MARJORIE RIKER
SOPH BROOKING	IRENE GORDON	RUTH LOWMAN	SEX SMITH
JOYCE BRADFORD	MARY HARWOOD	EMMA LAWLESS	MAUDE SEAY
KATHERINE CORR	ELIZABETH HARGEST	THERESA LYNCH	GERTRUDE SAUNDERS
ELIZABETH CHENERY	MARTHA HERNDON	ADA NASH	JOSEPHINE SPINDLE
RUTH CLARKSON	LOUISE HENLEY	NANNIE OLIVER	THELMA TURNER
LOUISE COSBY	FANNIE HASKINS	NANCY PARKER	ELVA THOMASSON
BERTIE CRALLE	HALLIE HASKINS	HELEN PEYTON	NORINE TENNIS
LUCY CONWAY	ANNE HARRIS	HELEN PHILLIPS	ALICE WARREN
ULA CLUVERIUS	LENA HARRIS	RUTH POST	LILLIAN WARING
LEMIRA CARTER	LENA HICKS	EMARD QUINN	RUSSELL YOWELL
ANNE CARTER			

President Roosevelt, in his last message to Congress, said: "It is unfortunately true that the great body of our citizens shoot less and less as time goes on. To meet this, we should encourage rifle practice among schoolboys"—and we think among schoolgirls also.

There is no reason why a girl should not shoot as well as a boy. We think they need to know and understand the art of shooting and the use of firearms, and as a means to this end we have organized our Rifle Club. While at present our crack shots are few, there is no doubt but that the number is growing. Perfection comes slowly in all things worth while. Practice and rehearsals are needful for any act of life which we wish to perform well. Therefore we do not despair of being able shortly to produce a team of expert riflemen, able to compete with any.

At the writing of this article, we understand that it is the intention of the present Secretary of War to distribute among the schools and other rifle clubs some twenty thousand Krag rifles that are not in use by the standing army, for the object of encouraging rifle shooting among the young people throughout the country. If his idea is carried out, we will be a little in advance of the other schools and may call ourselves "The Pioneer Rifle Club of Virginia."



Krokay Klub

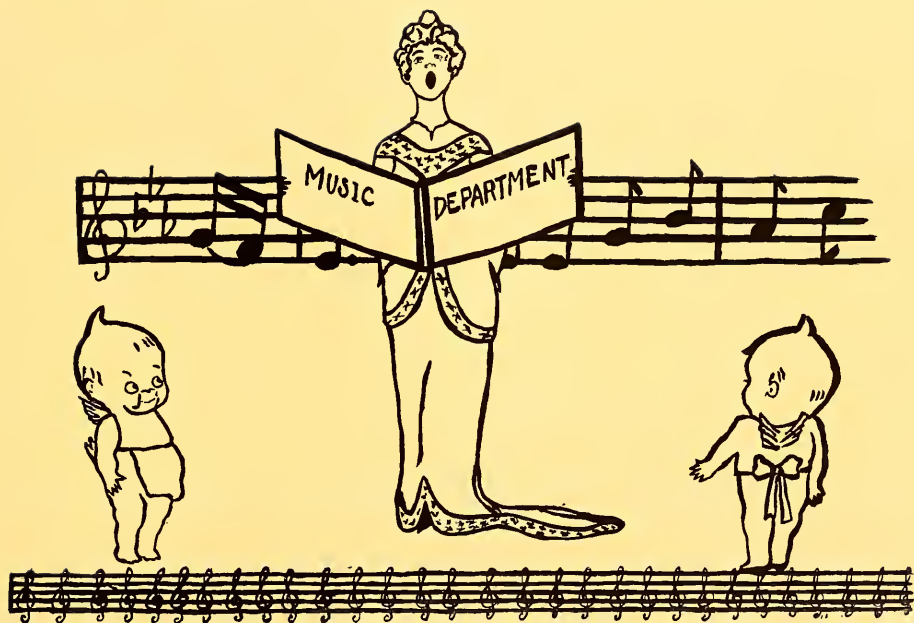
MOTTO: Strike for better grounds.

CHARLOTTE RICE—Kewpie No. 1.
ELIZA PEIRCE—Songbird.
RUTH CLARKSON—Dreamer.
LILLIAN HAISLIP—Little roommate.
CLARA MORGAN—Specks.
EMMA LANKFORD—Rastus' nurse.
BERTIE CRALLE—Russeller.

LUCILE BROWN—Some bluffer.
WAVERLY LAWSON—Big roommate.
E. GARNETT HOSKINS—Little Honey.
KATHLEEN SCOTT—Wiggler.
ULA CLUVERIUS—Hubbub.
SOPH BROOKING—The Poet.
MARY SNEAD—Seldom.

PAULINE SNEAD—Mrs. Wiggins.
MISS CHESLEY—Champion.
ALICE FINNEY—Bud.
JOYCE BRADFORD—Kewpie No. 2.
MRS. CHANDLER—Little Stony.
ANNE MONCURE—Peirced.
MR. HAMLET—MR. MURPHY.

"Big Roommate" and "Little Roommate" had a fuss over "Kewpie No. 1" and "Kewpie No. 2." The "Wiggler" and the "Russeller" added to the "Hubbub." "Mrs Wiggins" and "Mr. Murphy," who "Seldom" interfered, came in with "Rastus' nurse" who administered a "Little Honey" with manner a "Little Stony." "The Poet," who was "Some bluffer," put on her "Specks" to view the situation. The "Dreamer," having been "Peirced," awoke just in time to see the "Champion" nip the trouble in the "Bud"—and the room filled with dulcet tones of the "Songbird."



Glee Club

MARY ACREE
MAXIE ACREE
BEATRICE ASHLEY
BERTHA BEAZLEY
LUCILE BOGGS
JOYCE BRADFORD
ANNIE CARTER
RUTH CLARKSON
MARY L. COLEMAN
THERESA DANNEHL

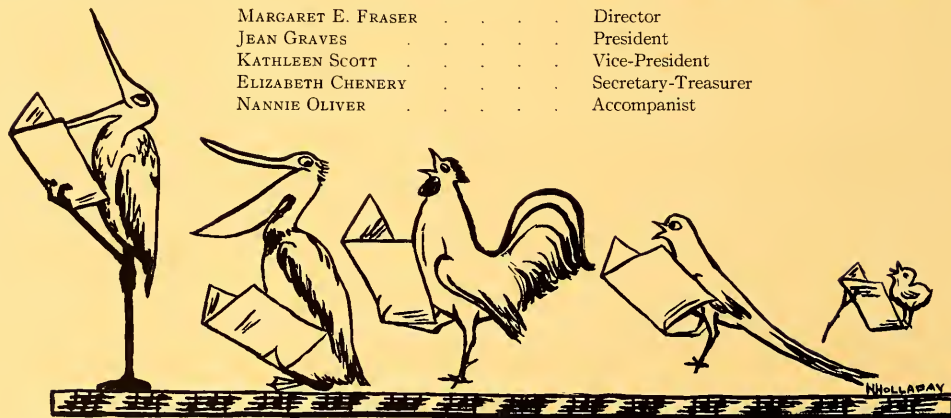
MARY DEIERHOI
ALICE FINNEY
MARTHA FLEET
LEAM FLIPPIN
JANE GARTH
JUNIA GRAVES
LILLIAN HAISLIP
FRANCES HARREL
NELL HOLLADAY
MAY HURT

MARGARET JAMES
RUBY JONES
JANET LACROSSE
EMMA LANKFORD
EMMA LAWLESS
JOSEPHINE MARCHANT
EVA MERCIER
ADA NASH
ETHEL NASH
ELIZABETH NINDE

MAE PERRIN
HELEN PEYTON
MARJORIE RIKER
MARGARET SACREY
VIRGINIA SAUNDERS
MAUDE SEAY
MARY SNEAD
AGNES SPENDER
MANNIE TORBERT
MARY TUCKER

CLARA VON HOFSTEN
SUE WALKER
CATHARINE WARE
ALICE WARREN
KATHLEEN WHITE
RUTH WICKHAM
RUTH WILLIAMS
AGNES WRIGHT
LUCY WRIGHT
RUSSELL YOWELL

MARGARET E. FRASER	Director
JEAN GRAVES	President
KATHLEEN SCOTT	Vice-President
ELIZABETH CHENERY	Secretary-Treasurer
NANNIE OLIVER	Accompanist





GLEE CLUB



THE NIGHTINGALES

The Nightingales

AIM: To Out-Sing the Glee Club

And

We believe that nothing is easier to gain than a reputation for singing, provided one screams loud enough.

We believe "Life may be 'one grand, sweet song' to a few, but the majority trip along to music written to ragtime."

We believe that any one may belong to the Glee Club, but it takes wealth to support this one.

We believe that to be a member of the Glee Club is to be fortunate; but to be a member of "The Nightingales" is to achieve distinction.

We believe in this advice to all newcomers:

**Don't rush madly into the Glee Club.
Those who do are as mad to rush out.**

N. W. PARKER, Director

MEMBERS

SOLOIST

L. HENLEY—"Love Me, and the World is Mine."

DUET

A. HARRIS—Voice decreases.

M. SAYRE—Voice increases.

GRAND QUARTETTE

T. TURNER—Baritone—second part.

T. LYNCH—High bass.

M. HERNDON—Low soprano—tenor.

G. SAUNDERS—Low bass.

QUINTETTE

E. TAYLOR—Mezzo contralto.

C. Rice—Diminuendo soprano.

P. SNEED—Shrill second tenor.

S. SEGAR—Crescendo alto.

N. PARKER—Bass-baritone.



Piano Class

NORA CHURCHILL WILLIS, Instructor.

LEAH ARNOLD
HILDA BROADDUS
RUBY BROOKING
LEMIRA CARTER
LUCY CONWAY
KATHERINE CORR
LILLIAN CRAIG
IDA EDWARDS
RUTH GARRETT

KATHLEEN GOODLOE
IRENE GORDON
LENA HARRIS
MARTHA HUGHES
RUTH LOWMAN
JOSEPHINE MARCHANT
ANNE MONCURE
ADA NASH

PAWLING NELMS
MARY NEWBERNE
NANNIE OLIVER
IDAH PEYTON
CLARA RICHARDS
LUCILE RYLAND
GERTRUDE SAUNDERS
MAUDE SEAY

LOIS SHUMAN
PAULINE SNEED
AGNES SPENGER
NORINE TENNIS
LILLIAN WARING
RUTH WICKHAM
CATESBY WILLIS
AGNES WRIGHT





DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club

NANNIE OLIVER	President	CHARLOTTE RICE	Treasurer
LOUISE LEWIS	Vice-President	MARTHA FLEET	Stage Manager
LOUISE HENLEY	Secretary	EMMA LAWLESS	Stage Decorator

CENSORS

OLIVE M. HINMAN

MARGARET E. FRASER

MEMBERS

ELIZABETH CHENERY	LILLIAN HAISLIP	NANNIE C. OLIVER	MARY ELLIS TUCKER
MARY LIN COLEMAN	LOUISE HENLEY	NANNIE WALLER PARKER	THELMA TURNER
THERESA DANNEHL	MARY HARWOOD	HELEN C. PHILLIPS	KATHLEEN SCOTT
MARY DEIERHOI	ELLA GARNETT HOSKINS	RUTH POST	ALICE WARREN
MARTHA FLEET	JANET LACROSSE	CHARLOTTE RICE	RUTH WICKHAM
KATHLEEN FLIPPIN	EMMA LAWLESS	LUCILE RYLAND	AGNES WRIGHT
JEAN GRAVES	LOUISE LEWIS	MARGARET SACREY	LUCY WRIGHT
MARTHA GRAVES	ELIZABETH NINDE	GERTRUDE SAUNDERS	

We have certainly gone on the theory that "practice makes perfect" this session, for our lives have been one continued practicing. When thinking of the success we've had so far, the hours of posing and reposing—not the sleeping kind, but posing some more—amount to nothing. On the twenty-first of November was presented the "Suffragette Convention," and since then the whole audience has adopted the motto; "Votes for Wimmen." On Valentine's Day we introduced the public to good old Saint Valentine in his court. He and his attendants were entertained by the Cupids and the maidens of the Queen of Hearts, who worked such wiles on him that he succumbed to Cupid's darts. Now we are aiming to play "A Mid-summer Night's Dream," on the second of May. We know we are very unpretentious in our aims, but we fear to aspire higher than Shakespeare "yet." If work is judged by practical results, we'll give you the results, and leave the rest—the criticisms—with you. We have decided to give nearly all our receipts—and that's a great deal—to the Decoration Committee, to fix up the stage in Russell Hall. Haven't we done good work?



WOODROW WILSON LITERARY SOCIETY

Woodrow Wilson Literary Society

JANE GARTH	President
MARGARET SAYRE	Vice-President
JUNIA GRAVES	Secretary
BEULAH DETWILER	Treasurer

MEMBERS

BEATRICE ASHLEY	JANE GARTH	ETHEL JOHNSTON	MARJORIE RIKER
IVA BEACHBOARD	EDNA GIBBS	JANET LACROSSE	MAUD SEAY
LUCILE BOGGS	IRENE GORDON	EMMA LAWLESS	GERTRUDE SAUNDERS
PEARL BOND	MARTHA GRAVES	THERESA LYNCH	MARGARET SAYRE
VIRGINIA BOXLEY	JEAN GRAVES	JOSEPHINE MARCHANT	PAULINE SNEED
SOPH BROOKING	JUNIA GRAVES	GRAHAM MASTIN	ELINOR TAYLOR
LUCY CONWAY	ELIZABETH HARGEST	ANNE MONCURE	NORINE TENNIS
LOUISE COSBY	ANNE HARRIS	HELEN MUNRO	MANNIE TORBERT
ELIZABETH CHENERY	MARTHA HERNDON	ADA NASH	MARY TUCKER
HULDAH DANIEL	LOUISE HENLEY	ETHEL NASH	THELMA TURNER
BEULAH DETWILER	FLORA HILL	MAE PERRIN	SUE WALKER
LUCY DUVAL	CLARA VON HOFSTEN	MAUD PEYTON	ALICE WARREN
LEAM FLIPPIN	MARTHA HUGHES	HELEN PEYTON	RUTH WICKHAM
HELEN GARDNER	MAY HURT	RUTH POST	AGNES WRIGHT

HONORARY MEMBERS

MARION C. FORBES

VIRGINIA M. GOOLRICK

The Russell Literary Society

MARY SNEAD	President
LOUISE LEWIS	Vice-President
EMMA LANKFORD	Secretary
BERTHA SCOTT	Treasurer

MEMBERS

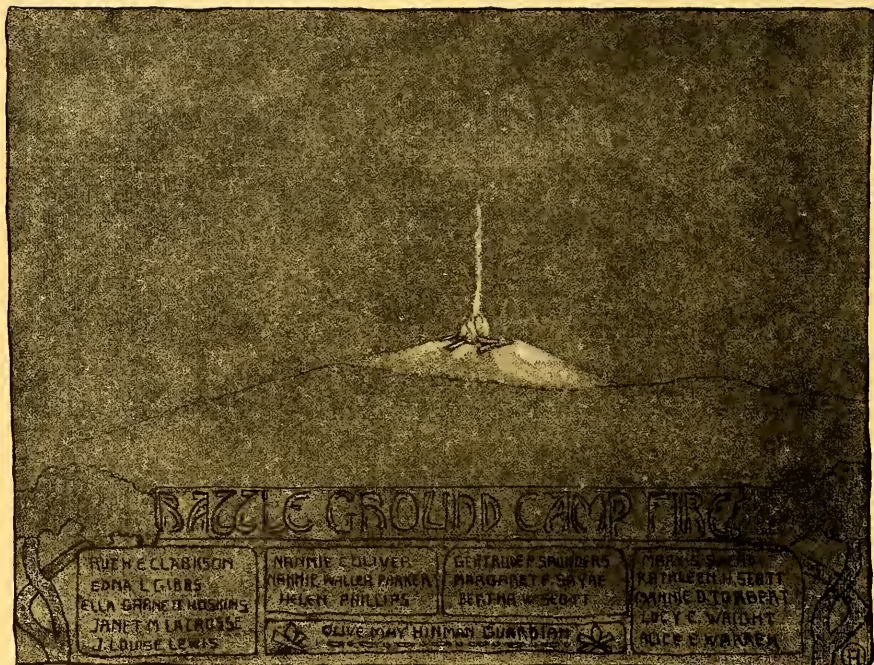
LUCILE BROUN	MARY HARWOOD	ELIZA PEIRCE
VIRGINIA BOLEN	BERNICE HOGAN	CHARLOTTE RICE
JOYCE BRADFORD	ELLA GARNETT HOSKINS	LUCILE RYLAND
RUTH CLARKSON	LILLIAN HAISLIP	KATHLEEN SCOTT
MARY LIN COLEMAN	NELL LAWSON	SARA SEGAR
MARY DEIERHOI	WAVERLY LAWSON	CATHARINE WARE
ALICE FINNEY	NANNIE OLIVER	LAURA WRIGHT
MARTHA FLEET	NANNIE W. PARKER	LUCY WRIGHT

FACULTY ADVISORY COMMITTEE

OLIVE M. HINMAN	DORA J. DADMUN	A. B. CHANDLER, Jr.
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RUSSELL LITERARY SOCIETY





Happy Dozen Club

MOTTO: Laugh and others will "jine in."

FLOWER: Broom Sedge.

COLORS: Sedge Brown and Grass Green.

OFFICERS

EMMA LANKFORD	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	President
CATHARINE WARE	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Vice-President
KATHLEEN SCOTT	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Secretary-Treasurer
ALICE FINNEY	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	Wit-Editor

MEMBERS

KATHLEEN SCOTT	ALICE FINNEY	LUCY WRIGHT
LEAM FLIPPIN	CATHARINE WARE	MANNIE TORBERT
CHARLOTTE RICE	SARA SEGAR	JOYCE BRADFORD
LOUISE LEWIS	BEATRICE ASHLEY	EMMA LANKFORD



RICHMOND CLUB



MOTTO: "Do, die or bust."

COLORS: Royal Purple and Gold.

FLOWER: Richmond Rose.

SONG: The Lass of Richmond Hill.

OFFICERS

CLARA VON HOFSTEN

THELMA TURNER

MARY DEIERHOI

President

Vice-President

Secretary-Treasurer

MEMBERS

BEATRICE ASHLEY

CALLIE BAILEY

ETTINETTE BROADBUSH

MARTHA HERNDON

MAY HURT

HELEN MUNRO

EMARD QUINN

AGNES SPENDER

KATHLEEN WHITE



EASTERN SHORE CLUB

Eastern Shore Club

AIM:— To get over the Bay.

COLORS:— Green and Gold.

FLOWER:— Potato Blossom.

SONG:— "The Land of the Evergreens."

OFFICERS

EMMA LANKFORD	.	.	.	.	.	.	President
MANNIE TORBERT	.	.	.	.	.	.	Vice-President
ALICE FINNEY	.	.	.	.	.	.	Secretary-Treasurer

MEMBERS

JOYCE BRADFORD	MARGARET JAMES
EMMA LANKFORD	EDNA GIBBS
ALICE FINNEY	ALICE WARREN
MANNIE TORBERT	ANNIE SCOTT
RUTH POST	IVA BEACHBOARD (married)



BARN YARD ECHOES

Barn Yard Echoes

YELL: Quack! Quack! Quack!

COCK-OF-THE-WALK: Theresa Lynch

ASSISTANT COCK: Mary Ellis Tucker

MEMBERS

"GUINEA" BOGGS
"HOUND" CHENERY
"GOOSE" FLIPPIN
"KITTY" HERNDON
"DONKEY" LAWLESS

"BILLYGOAT" LYNCH
"DUCK" MICHIE
"TURKEY" SAUNDERS
"SHEEP" TUCKER
"PIG" TURNER

"CHICK" WRIGHT



"THE BETTER-TO-SEW MY DEAR CLUB"

“The Better-to-Sew, My Dear” Club

MASCOT: Peter Pan of Brompton.

CONSTITUTION: Invite Koko Rowe over once in a while.

BY-LAW: Miss Hinman shall serve fudge or hot chocolate with marshmallows in it, every time we meet in her room, under penalty of twenty-five cents fine.

CODICIL: 1. Every member must entertain the club at least once during the session.

2. We will meet once a week, on Saturday afternoon, and so and so and so.

P. S.: There shall always be a thirteenth member.

MEMBERS

LUCILLE BOGGS
ELIZABETH CHENERY
MARGARET FRASER
ANNE HARRIS
LOUISE HENLEY
JOSEPHINE MARCHANT

NANNIE OLIVER
NANCY PARKER
GERTRUDE SAUNDERS
MARGARET SAYRE
SUE WALKER
LUCY WRIGHT

Thirteenth Member

OLIVE MAY HINMAN



Down the River Club

MOTTO: "We Paddle Our Own Canoe."

COLORS: Sea-foam and Sky Blue.

FLOWER: Water Lily.

LUCILE BROWN	President
NANCY PARKER	Vice-President
WAVERLY LAWSON	Treasurer
SARA TEMPLE SEGAR	Secretary

MEMBERS

MARY ACREE	MARY HARWOOD	CHARLOTTE RICE
MAXIE ACREE	ELIZABETH HARGEST	LUCY GREY RICHARDSON
LUCILE BROWN	GENEVIEVE JENKINS	LATANE RICE
ISLA BRIZENDINE	RUBY JONES	MARY RICHARDSON
RUTH CLARKSON	ELSIE KING	LUCILE RYLAND
BERTIE CRALLE	WAVERLY LAWSON	KATHLEEN SCOTT
MARY TEMPLE COLEMAN	LOUISE LEWIS	SARA TEMPLE SEGAR
LUCY CONWAY	NELL LAWSON	MARY SNEAD
JOSEPHINE CROUCH	CLARA MORGAN	ELIZABETH SMITH
IDA EDWARDS	NANNIE OLIVER	JOSEPHINE SPINDLE
LILLIAN HAISLIP	NANCY PARKER	SARAH BURKE SPINDLE
ELLA GARNETT HOSKINS	ELIZA PEIRCE	ELVA THOMASSON
CATHARINE WARE		LUCY WRIGHT



MIDNIGHT FEAST CLUB

Midnight Feast Club

MOTTO: Eat all you can, while you can, then take your medicine like a man.

AIM: Leave your windows up so your next door neighbors can smell the candy cooking.

TIME OF MEETING: 12:01 A. M.

MEMBERS

ELIZABETH CHENERY:— "Fond-of-the-Booze."

EMMA LAWLESS:— "Chicken Thief."

LOUISE HENLEY:— "Big-Eater."

ANNE E. MONCURE:— "Chafing Dish Manager."

NELL HOLLADAY:— "Candy Kid."

PAULINE SNEED:— "Chief Cook and Bottle Washer."

ELEANOR TAYLOR:— "The Taster."



Cotillion Club

COLORS: Pink and Pale Blue.

FLOWER: Pink Carnation.

MOTTO: "On with the dance; let joy be unconfined."

ELIZABETH CHENERY	President
BERTHA W. SCOTT	Vice-President
ELLA GARNETT HOSKINS	Secretary-Treasurer

MESSIEURS

PAWLING NELMS
EMMA LAWLESS
MARTHA FLEET
ELLA G. HOSKINS
BERTHA SCOTT
MARY GRIFFIN
MURIEL BARBER
LEAM FLIPPIN
MARY DEIERHOI
HELEN NORTHROP
ELIZABETH CHENERY

MADemoISELLES

MARY E. TUCKER
AGNES WRIGHT
THELMA TURNER
MARTHA HERNDON
GERTRUDE SAUNDERS
HELEN PEYTON
KATHLEEN SCOTT
MAY HURT
MAUDE PEYTON
ALICE WARREN



THE HIKERS

Motto: Stop not 'til thou hast topped the hill.

COLORS: Anything that's becoming.

OFFICERS

Chief Hiker	JESSIE DAFFAN
Second Chief Hiker	HELEN PHILLIPS
Scribbling Hiker	ELSIE WOOD
Financial Hiker	ETHEL NASH
Honorary Hikers	Miss MARGARET FRASER
	Miss HELEN STRONG

THE HIKERS

GRAHAM MASTIN	EFFIE BALLARD	MURIEL BARBER	LUCILE RAWLINGS
JESSIE DAFFAN	ETHEL ROBINSON	BELLMEAR LINTHICUM	ELIZABETH McDONALD
MARGARET SACREY	ETHEL NASH	ABBIE BALLARD	EDITH WALTER
FRANCES HARRELL	ELIZABETH RUSSELL	ELSIE WOOD	MARTHA CARTER
HELEN NORTHRUP	ELIZABETH NINDE	HELEN PHILLIPS	JOSIE JERRELL
NELLA ROLLINS	SARAH GOULDMAN	THERESA DANNEHL	





ORANGE BLOSSOM CLUB

The Orange Blossom Club

TUNE: Wedding March.

COLORS: Orange and White.

MOTTO: "You may know de way, but better keep yo' eyes on de Narrow Gauge."

THREE FAVORITE PASTIMES: Eating Oranges; Attending Weddings; Traveling on the Narrow Gauge.

President, MAUD PEYTON

Vice-President, SOPH BROOKING

Secretary-Treasurer, FLORENCE GRAVES

BLOSSOMS

VIRGINIA BOLEN
SOPH BROOKING
RUBY BROOKING
NANNIE BURRUS
LENA BURRUS
EUNICE DANIEL

LUCY DUVAL
IRENE GORDON
MARTHA GRAVES
FLORENCE GRAVES
LENA HARRIS
MARY KENDALL

MEREDITH KENDALL
PEARL LUCAS
MAY PAYNE
LUCY PAYNE
MAUD PEYTON
HELEN PEYTON

MARY ROBERTS
AYESHA STRAUGHAN
VIVIAN TWEEDY
LUMMIE WRIGHT
LAURA WRIGHT





Angels Club

LILLIE LEE MICHIE

Guardian Angel

ELSIE KING

Cherub

LUCILE BOGGS

Seraph

OTHER CHERUBS

LEMIRA CARTER

HULDAH DANIEL

BELLE LINTHICUM

JOSEPHINE MARCHANT

PAULINE SNEED

If you think you're very saintly
And your days on earth are few,
Just prepare to be a member
Of this angelic crew.

Now bid your friends a fond farewell
And clothe yourself in white,
For that happy band will call for you
At twelve o'clock some night.
H. S. D.





MOTHER GOOSE CLUB

Mother Goose Club

MOTTO: Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a man marries his trouble begins.

COLORS: Light Blue and White.
MASCOT: Little Boy Blue.

YELL: Hot cross buns! Hot cross buns!
One a penny, two a penny, hot cross buns!
Hot cross buns! Hot cross buns!
If you have no daughters, give them to your sons.

GEESE

Mother Goose . . . OLIVE HINMAN
Teeny Tiny . . . MARY LIN COLEMAN
Judy . . . NANCY WALLER PARKER
Tweedle-dum . . . BERTHA SCOTT
Tweedle-dee . . . ELLA GARNETT HOSKINS
Old Mother Hubbard . . . CATHARINE WARE

Cross Patch . . . MARY S. SNEAD
Jack Sprat's Wife . . . SARAH TEMPLE SEGAR
Little Jack Horner . . . LOUISE LEWIS
Humpty Dumpty . . . NANNIE OLIVER
Simple Simon . . . KATHLEEN SCOTT

GOSLINGS

Jack Sprat, the second . . . MARGARET SAYRE
Jack . . . RUTH CLARKSON
Jill . . . BEATRICE ASHLEY

Little Robin Red Breast . . . LUCY WRIGHT
Old King Cole . . . LEAM FLIPPIN
Mary had a little Lamb . . . SUE WALKER

CONSTITUTION

For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy, or there is none.
If there be one, try and find it;
If there be none, never mind it.

BY-LAWS

1. A man of words and not of deeds
Is like a garden full of weeds;
For when the weeds begin to grow,
Then doth the garden overflow.
2. Tit for Tat—
You kill my dog,
I kill your cat.

ARTICLE OF MEMBERSHIP

Speak when you're spoken to,
Come when you're called,
Shut the door after you,
And turn to the wall.

SONG: Polly, put the kettle on,
And then we'll all have tea.

GAME: Dance, Thumpkin, dance!

FIRST SWIM: February 14, 1913.
SECOND SWIM: February 14, 1914.



Hanover Club

MOTTO: United we stand, divided we fall.

FLOWER: Red Peony.

COLORS: Red and Green.

OFFICERS

ELIZABETH CHENERY, President

MAE PERRIN, Vice-President

MARJORIE RIKER, Secretary-Treasurer

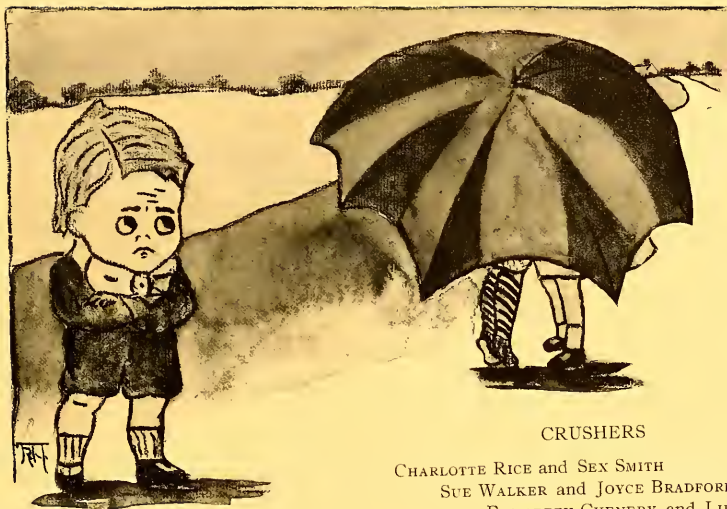
MEMBERS

GRACE BEAZLEY
LIZZIE BURNETTE

ADA NASH
AGNES WRIGHT

FLORA HILL
RUTH WICKHAM

MARY TUCKER
ELEANOR TAYLOR



Anti-Crush Club

Mascots:

MARGUERITE CARTER
WARREN RUSSELL

MOTTO: Love everybody,
crush nobody.

FLOWER: Forget-me-not.

FOOD: Kisses.

ELIZABETH CHENERY
President

SUE WALKER
Vice-President

CHARLOTTE RICE
Secretary-Treasurer

CRUSHERS

CHARLOTTE RICE and SEX SMITH
SUE WALKER and JOYCE BRADFORD
ELIZABETH CHENERY and LILLIAN HAISLIP
LOUISE HENLEY and EFFIE BROADDUS

Black Cat Club

MOTTO: Scratch hard, screech loud. COLORS: Black and Green. FLOWER: Cat-tails. BY-WORD: Meow!!!

KATHLEEN FLIPPIN, President

LUCILE BOGGS, Vice-President

LILLIE LEE MICHIE, Secretary

MEMBERS

LUCILE BOGGS

MAY HURT

LILLIE LEE MICHIE

CHARLOTTE RICE

HULDAH DANIEL

ELSIE KING

HELEN PEYTON

GERTRUDE SAUNDERS

KATHLEEN FLIPPIN

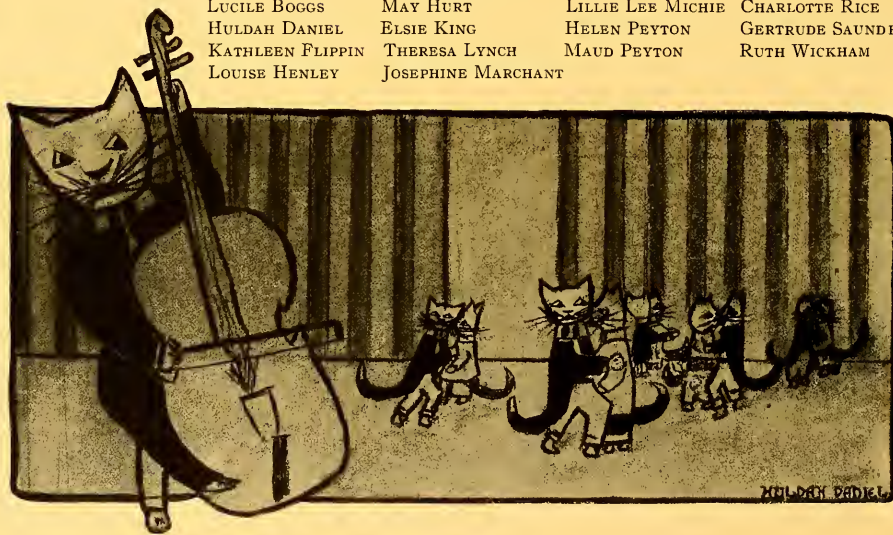
THERESA LYNCH

MAUD PEYTON

RUTH WICKHAM

LOUISE HENLEY

JOSEPHINE MARCHANT





"DIE MYSTISCHE DREIHEIT"



Louisa Club

MOTTO: Do others before they do you. FLOWER: Forget-me-not. SONG: "In Ole Virginia." COLORS: Blue and Gold.

AIM: To always remember and never forget, that friends from Louisa are gladly met.

OFFICERS

ANNE HARRIS, President

VIRGINIA BOXLEY, Vice-President

JANE GARTH, Secretary-Treasurer

MEMBERS

VIRGINIA BOXLEY

LOUISE COSBY

HELEN GARDNER

JANE GARTH

ANNE HARRIS

FANNIE HITER



Un Club a la Francaise

MOTTO: En avant.

FLOWER: Fleur-de-lis.

COLORS: Bleu et Rose.

ADA NASH, Mademoiselle la Presidente

PAULINE SNEED, Mademoiselle la Vice-Presidente

ELSIE KING, Mademoiselle la Secretaire et la Caissiere

Honoraire Membre, Mademoiselle A. I. ANTHONY

MADAMOISELLES

LEMIRA CARTER
ALENA BURRUS

VIRGINIA FARINHOLT
MARY GRIFFIN

LENA HARRIS
MARGARET JAMES

MARY KENDALL
ELVA THOMASSON







Phi

Founded November 27, 1912

COLORS: Violet and Green.

FLOWER: Violet.

SORORES IN COLLEGIO

MARTHA POLLARD FLEET
BERNICE DUKE HOGAN
ELLA GARNETT HOSKINS
LOUISE RANDOLPH HENLEY

JULIA LOUISE LEWIS
BERTHA WRIGHT SCOTT
KATHLEEN HOLT SCOTT
MARY SELDEN SNEAD

LUCY CARTER WRIGHT

SORORES EX COLLEGIO

ANGIE HAIG BRAY
ALICE CHILTON
AGNES CHRISTIAN JAMES

SALLYE ROBERTS
MYRTIS GARRISON TANKARD
ANNE LATANE WARE

PATRONEA

OLIVE MAY HINMAN

VIRGINIA E. STONE

FRANCES LAMAR WITHERS



ANNE T. BIRDS



QUINTON CHENIERE



LENNIE T. BIRDS



MARTHA E. HENDON



CLARA T. BIRDS

ΠΣ



THURSA LYNCH



M. J. JONES



GEORGE JONES



MRS. J. L. TUCKER



MRS. THELMA J. LAMAR

Pi Sigma

Founded December, 1911

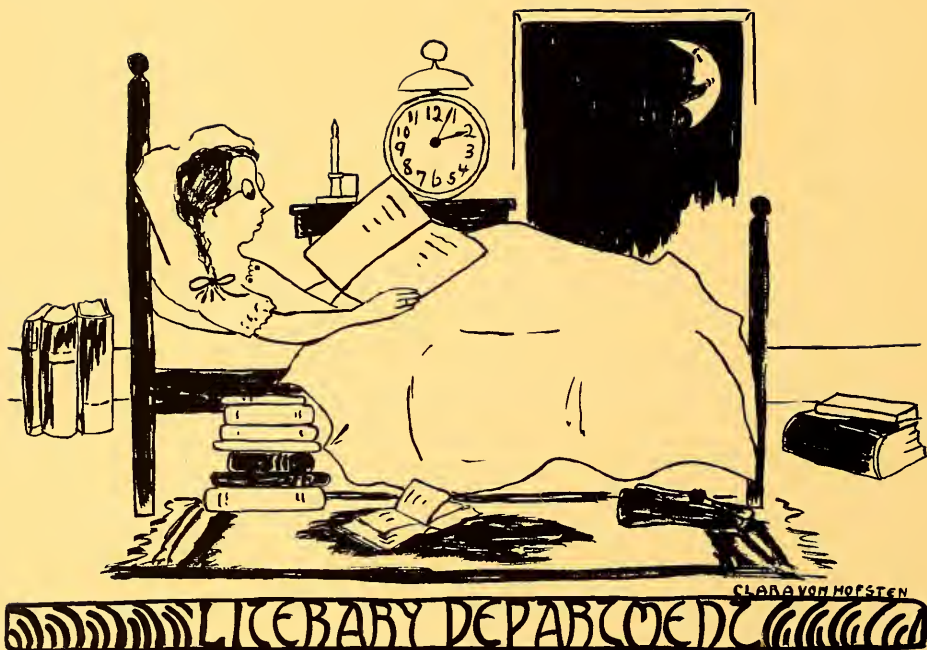
COLORS: Yellow and White.

FLOWER: Daisy.

SORORES

LUCILE BOGGS
ELIZABETH CHENERY
KATHLEEN FLIPPIN
MARTHA HERNDON
EMMA LAWLESS

THERESA LYNCH
LILLIE LEE MICHIE
GERTRUDE SAUNDERS
MARY ELLIS TUCKER
THELMA TURNER



LICERARY DEPARCMENT

The Secret of the Sea*

THE man, who was only a grown up child after all, stretched his lank form wearily in his steamer chair. The freshening breeze lifted an end of his rug and turned it back over his knee. With a gesture of impatience, he straightened it and gave it a little spiteful jerk back into place. The trifling incident seemed to have ruffled his calm. When one is fretful and bored, inanimate objects seem to possess a fiendish power of aggravating other troubles.

With a sigh, he turned his head away from the endless expanse of water, shifting, shifting, ever changing. This evening its restlessness annoyed him; his eye would rest for an instant upon a wave and be drawn irresistibly with it on its course.

"Whew!" The exclamation broke from him as if dragged from depths of unutterable boredom. His eyes closed for a moment, but opened again. Even the usual promenaders had deserted the deck, and from below floated up sounds of merry-making. Amid the confusion he distinguished the notes of the orchestra. What was it they were playing? With quickened perception he began following it, almost against his will. Where had he heard it last? Where? The question was hammered into his consciousness. Why did it remind him of something? And of what?

Oh, yes! Suddenly there flashed before him a picture of the night of his accident. How slender and white her fingers had looked as she played it—one of McDowell's, he thought; and—he caught himself up sharply. No; it would never do to let his fancy go on at this rate. How was a man to keep a grip on himself anyway when his thoughts were apt to go off at a moment's notice, like this?

"Atkins!" he called sharply.

"Yes, sir," replied the attendant, who had been leaning over the rail at a little distance.

"Help me with these things, will you; I think I'll go down."

"Yes, sir," was the respectful response. Atkins evidently knew his business, as he proceeded to gather up the scattered belongings.

There was no sleep for the man for a long time that night. Semi-invalid as he was, the darkness seemed filled with thoughts, all clamoring for admission to his brain. How the little haunting melody followed him! With painful persistence his mind kept going over the events of that night which stood out above all others. How bitter he had thought her words; each one had burned itself upon his consciousness. She had told him that his life was purposeless, useless; that though he stood perilously high in his profession his heart was not in it; that in his passion for Science, the suffering of humanity had become a light thing in his eyes. And with bitter shame he knew it to be true. With strange calm he had accepted her decision.

*Prize Story.

Hours afterward his car was still hurling itself though the darkness. Mid-night, and no abating of that terrible speed. The miles vanished as by magic; and all the while his brain was crying out, "It is true!"

The rest was a confused blur in his mind. There had been an explosion, and he had been told how he was found, the car a wreck, and he with injuries which it seemed must be fatal. Months in a hospital had followed, and then treatment by famous London physicians.

Now he was going home; and how eager to get back to his work he was! Could it be that he had ever thought of it as mere machine work? Why, the very humaneness of it drew him irresistibly! In his own suffering he had somehow come to realize how nearly divine was his art of healing. No; things could never be the same again. There flashed across his mind a thought which startled him in its significance. Could it be possible that he might make her understand? And how? Language was such a crude instrument with which to make her realize this wonderful thing which had happened.

Finally he grew quieter, and towards morning he slept. * * *

Today his mood had changed. The waves which danced so lightly across the water seemed to carry his spirit with them. The little caps of foam which broke at the crest seemed almost alive as they frolicked and dodged and managed some way to escape being submerged. As he watched them, little by little the Story spun itself. The girl heard the whole of it long afterward but that is neither here nor there.

"Once there was a duckling, which after all was not different from many others, except that, strange to say, he had Aspirations. Where they came from he never knew; but there they were—aspirations to sail upon the great sea; to feel the strength of the mighty waves; to sail and sail, and never come back.

So, one bright day he started off upon the shallow little brook, very happy to be on the way. The river was reached after many perils and people tried to stop him, but his spirit was undaunted. On and on he went.

Then, one bright morning when all the world was happy and it seemed as if summer would last forever, he sailed out upon the great water and knew that he was upon the sea itself. How wonderful it seemed! The joy of breasting the waves! The bright, bright sky above, and the waves as blue beneath;—and the little caps of foam were unbelievably white. And to never go back. How glad was the duckling that he had aspired!

The day passed on. Could it be that the sky was becoming less bright? Surely not. Perhaps it was a cloud passing before the sun. But soon the waves became green instead of blue, then black. The water grew very rough. For the first time the duckling noticed the chill of it. Then the sun was hidden and a strange numb feeling settled over his body. The drops of rain began to patter down, slowly at first, then with a rush that almost carried him beneath the waves. Still he battled on, and then, just as his strength was going,

"Dear Spirit of the Sea," he cried, "the Sea is too big for the duckling."

Suddenly a strange thing happened; out of the mist and gathering darkness there appeared a wonderful form, clad in garments of the softest texture and holding a wand of the deepest sea pearls.

"Child of the land," she said, "wouldst thou go back, or wouldst thou stay and learn the secret of the sea?"

"Teach me its secret, kind spirit," cried the duckling; "I may not go back."

A wonderful light filled her eyes as she said: "The sea is the home of all the smiles and all the tear-drops which have ever been shed, and the secret of the sea is sympathy. Stay thou and become a part of the sea; in learning its secret thou shalt become a part of the joy and sadness of the great world itself."

Speaking, she waved her wand, and the duckling became one of the white caps of foam, dancing and balancing, ready to smile or to weep in tune with humanity.

And suddenly the sun came out. * * * *

The man was silent a long time; then he said, slowly, "I wonder if she would understand."

After hesitating, he picked up his pen and began to write; when lunch was served, he was still at his task.

"No," he said to Atkins, "I will not be disturbed."

After a while he laid down his pen and scanned thoughtfully the concluding words of his letter.

"I, too, have learned the secret of the sea."

The days passed very quickly. When New York came in sight he was not among the passengers at the rail. All was bustle and hurry. A bright spot showed in each cheek, but otherwise he gave no sign of excitement. He was among the last to leave the boat and as he turned to leave his stateroom a yellow envelope was handed him by Atkins. He opened it with feverish haste. It contained but one word, their code, but—suddenly the sun came out!

JUNIA GRAVES.



School Song

AIR—"A Merry Heart" by L. DENZA

There is a town that we all love so dearly —
You know it well; you know it well;
By which the Rappahannock flows so clearly;
I need not tell—I need not tell.
Here fought and bled the heroes of the Nation,
For freedom's right—for freedom's right;
Each with a will and with determination
To show his might—to show his might.

CHORUS

Hearken! Hearken! Fredericksburg, once more!
Hearken! Hearken! Fredericksburg, once more!
Tra-la-la-la! tra-la-la-la! tra-la-la-la! tra-la-la-la!
Hail, our Normal School! Tra-la-la-la! tra-la-la-la!

Upon the heights are halls so stately standing
The grove above—the grove above;
There may be other structures more commanding,
But these we love—but these we love.
Here flock the girls so early in September,
With purpose high—with purpose high.
The faculty, we ever shall remember,
To help them try—to help them try.

JOSEPHINE MARCHANT
RUTH WICKHAM

Nonsense Rhymes

There is a certain person here
We look upon with no small fear,
She weighs us when at first we come,
And then does work us 'til we're numb.
With troubles we to her do run,
And when there's gladness she's all fun.
Miss Graves enjoys a jolly game;
Now did you guess this was her name?

Scribble, scribble, little pen;
Take down notes from eight till ten.
Arnold, Earhart, Thorndike,—three—,
Dozens more before we're free.

If our notes be incomplete,
Threatening faces we shall meet;
So we'll stay within our den,—
Scribble, scribble, little pen.

Mrs. Hamlet! Mrs. Hamlet! the S. N. S. pet,
How does your mission class grow?
With Chinamen, Japs and Hindoo chaps,
And Africans—all in a row.

Some girls at the Normal
Had a function informal;
The candy was simmering fine.
Mrs. Chew sensed the fun—
How fast she did run!
And now on the campus they pine.

"Peter H." was a witty old soul,
And a witty old soul was he:
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his wife,
And he called for his classes three.
And every class, they had a fine test,
And a very fine test had they.
"O, what a hard test had we,"
Said the classes three;
"Oh, there's none so wise as can compare
With Hamlet and his classes three."

Mistress of German and French was she,
Our well-known teacher Miss Anthony.
But now in her place another holds sway;
It is Van Landingham, we say.

To Miss Withers, to Miss Withers
To learn how to cook.
Home again, home again,
As wise as a book.

To Miss Withers, to Miss Withers
To learn how to sew.
Home again, home again,
To catch a new beau.

Noisy, noisy girls were we,
All the time—even at tea,
Shrieks came up and shrieks came down—
And so Miss Dadmun moved to town.

It was on a merry time
When Cleo S. was young,
So gently as she nursed
And so sweetly as she sung,—

Gunyon Harrison lost his heart:
He also lost his head;
He doff'd his hat to Cleo,
And thus to her he said:

"My dearest Cleo S.,
If you will but be mine
You shall drink nice ice-cold tea,
And on bread-pudding dine;

"I'll dress you like the Matron,
Or like a school girl gay;
So, if you have me, Cleo,
Let us appoint the day."

Cleo blushed behind her fan,
And thus declared her mind:
"Then let it be tomorrow, dear,
I take your offer kind."

Miss Fraser, straight and tall,
Comes hurrying in before us all.
"Open your mouths, girls,
Drop down your chin;
Make your tones flute-like,
Don't make them thin."

There is a young doctor, as I have heard tell,
Who came to the Normal to make us all well;
He dosed us and fed us on millions of pills,
Then sent us to bed against our own wills.

Mr. Tyner,
Never finer,
Went to Bowling Green.
He left a short test,
Which he thought was best
To prove that his class was keen.

Mr. Russell,
Who had to hustle,
Forgot to give the test.
The class in a hurry,
At once ceased to worry
For they thought it a splendid jest!

Stately Miss Forbes comes up the walk
Twirling a string of beads:
The girls behind in whispers talk—
Then wonder how she knows their deeds.

From morn till night she's on the go,
Her patients are so many,
Their ailments range from head to toe;
Some wish they hadn't any.

There is a young mistress named Tyner,
On Sunday no teacher is finer.
In her Normal class
She's hard to surpass—
This dainty young mistress named Tyner.

Hey diddle, diddle, Miss Chesley and the fiddle,
Mr. Chesley jumped over the moon.
Marguerite laughed to see such sport,
And Mrs. Carter ran away with the spoon.

Mr. Russell is a great man;
Mr. Russell is a pearl;
Mr. Russell rules our school,
And is loved by every girl.

We go to Mr. Russell
When home we want to go;
He tells us all to hustle,
And you bet that we're not slow.

We even ask Mr. Russell
If we may have a beau,
For everything is all right
If Mr. Russell says so.

When Mr. Chandler is at his best,
For Normal girls there is no rest.
He tells us of his native town
As if it were of world-renown.

So smoothly do his big words flow,
That mouths gape open row by row.
We scratch our heads in deep despair
To catch the point that's hidden there.

"Miss Goolrick, Miss Goolrick,
Where did you fly?"
"I flew to Venice
To watch the bright sky."

"Miss Goolrick, Miss Goolrick,
What hurried you so?"
"Fear that seniors without
Note-books would go."

Miss Hinman is a teacher dear,
But oft of her we keep quite clear:
She calls us names that sound so sweet
And tells each one to take her seat.

She sees us laugh when off our guard,
And loves to sit upon us hard.
She knows we haven't real good sense,
And tells us plainly we are dense.

But taking all, we like her well,
Our troubles sore to her we tell;
And if there's any fun about,
You'll find her there without a doubt.
P. S.—Her picture's on the foremost page,
And here she looks a perfect sage.

Mr. Chandler, who teaches the subject, "Our Schools,"
Uses no lesson plans nor definite rules.
Then why should, in "Primary Methods," Miss Strong
Make "Lesson Plans, Lesson Plans" her one great song?

Mr. Tyner, in "Theory," is always remarking:
"In teaching, let the children do all the talking."
Says Mr. Hamlet, "If this be true,
Pray tell me what is the teacher to do?"

Miss Hinman says for "Spelling" there is not so much need;
"Get the thought, and thought only"—that is her creed.
But Miss Dadmun proclaims "Spelling" the high road to fame,
Demands, notes and marks each poor speller's name.

Now students tell me truly each one of you,
In just such a mix what are we to do?

Miss Willis to the Normal came
From the little town nearby,
And there she won much love and fame--
Just ask her pupils why.

Chandler has a little pony horse,
And it isn't dapple gray;
Its head's not made of peanut straw;
Its tail's not made of hay.

She loaned it to the girls one day
To drive a mile away.
Miss Forbes did frown, as I've heard tell;
And "Ne'er again," they say.

Mr. Moore, Mr. Moore,
It makes us blue
To think of the work we make you do;
For digging potatoes
And planting beans
Is not very pleasant, by any means.

Hickory, dickory, dell!
'Tis time for the breakfast bell.
And if you are late
Very sad is your fate,
Hickory, dickory, dell!

Hickory, dickory, dell!
The sound of a hateful bell.
Tho' it's time to arise,
I can't open my eyes.
Hickory, dickory, dell!

A croquet ball
Rolled up the hall,
Right by the matron's door;
Then out she came
To lay the blame
On those who caused the roar.

Little school-girls, come dress with care,
Mr. Cook's in the meadow, and his kodak's there.
Where's the little girl that we must see?
She's at the mirror as busy as a bee.



'PASTIMES—IN—TIMES—PAST.'





Pageant

The Mission Study classes, under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A., gave a pageant on the 12th of December, the purpose of which was to portray the work of the Association in foreign lands. About seventy-five girls took part. "The Spirit of Womanhood," represented by Janet La Crosse, told of the lifting of woman from her degradation through the coming of the Christ. Each country—China, India, South America, and Japan—showed the work done by the Association for its women.

Bertha Scott demonstrated the value of physical training, by a Chinese wand drill. The decision of one of her pupils to sacrifice her ambition for the needs of her country was very impressive.

The good accomplished in South America by protecting young girls traveling alone was shown by Graham Mastin. In the Japanese scene, a non-Christian girl accepted Christ as her Savior, and in India a lonely widow rose above the ignorance of the times, accepted our faith and allowed her daughters to take part in the Christian work.

At the sound of the singing of a distant hymn the girls, bearing banners of the nations and singing, began to march slowly around the "Spirit of Womanhood," who was seated upon a throne.

Much credit is due to Mrs. Hamlet, Miss Strong, Miss Graves and Miss Anthony, who so ably trained these girls and made up the costumes, and to Miss Fraser, who superintended the music.

Y. W. C. A. Reception

The Young Woman's Christian Association gave a reception on the evening of September 19, 1913, in honor of the new girls. The student body and faculty were present, each wearing a visiting card in order that they might the more easily become acquainted. The receiving line was composed of the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet and Mrs. Russell, who made each new girl feel at home by the hearty welcome which they extended.

A simple program was arranged for the evening. First, there was a contest in which each person was supplied with a pencil and paper and bidden to shake hands and speak a word to as many people as possible, writing the name of each spoken to, during the ten minutes allowed. New girls carried off both honors, the first prize being won by Miss Lucy Wright and the "booby" by Miss Lummie Wright. Miss Fraser entertained us with several selections, among which were "May Morning," "An Irish Love Song," "Jean" and "Just A-wearyin' for You." The most enjoyable evening closed with the serving of dainty refreshments.

Halloween Night at the Churches

READER, can you imagine, for a moment or two, this scene: The old Plank Road, winding in and out through the lane, bordered with trees on either hand, coming out into the open about a quarter of a mile from the dormitory, and leading up to the buildings themselves? And can you see from the windows of the dormitory, scores of automobiles coming through this lane, the lights glimmering between the trees here and there, and dashing through the big gate, sweeping down on the building with their bright lamps? And there, on the dormitory steps, stands a crowd of pretty and happy girls, talking and laughing with each other—and all so sweetly dressed! As each car stops, the girls jump in, and away it speeds around the corner, making room for another. Can you imagine this on Halloween night, when the air is full of mystery—and can you explain it?

This is the explanation: About a week before Halloween, the various churches sent invitations to the girls at the Normal, inviting those who attended their church to a reception on Halloween night. So it was that the Normal was not normal as on other nights.

Upon our arrival at the church door, we were met by ghosts and goblins who conducted us into Ghost Land—the basement. The atmosphere portended mystery, and when we entered the portals of Ghost Land, what a sight met our eyes! Gay and artistic decorations in Halloween schemes showed that the goblins had been hard at work. Long tables stood in various parts of the room, loaded and groaning with the abundant harvest of the goblins. They had arranged an entertainment for us which fairly "Made our hair stand erect," and which would perhaps have frightened less courageous beings; but we knew them, understood them, and enjoyed and appreciated their efforts. Nor did their hospitality end here; for before us were placed all sorts of delicious and appetizing ghost goodies—sandwiches, coffee, cakes, ice cream and fruits. As soon as the feast was over we gathered around "The Fortune Teller," for the mystic spell was on us, and we would know our futures. Then came the unwelcome summons that the alluring and beautiful Land of Mysteries must be left for the stern and hard world of reality. We were sorry, indeed, and only wished that the ghosts' standard of time was twice as long as ours.

Halloween Supper

On Halloween evening a pleasant surprise was given the students by Mrs. Carter. The dining hall was prettily decorated with autumn leaves and yellow and white paper draperies. Each table was lighted by a large pumpkin lantern placed on a centerpiece of autumn leaves and the chandeliers were decorated in black cats and yellow pumpkin faces. After the faculty and students had assembled for supper, twenty girls, dressed as witches and carrying brooms, suddenly appeared from an unexpected entrance and served a delicious supper.

The Lawson Musicale

In Russell Hall, January the twenty-eighth, a very delightful musicale was given by Mrs. Franceska Kaspar Lawson, of Washington. In her rich soprano voice Mrs. Lawson rendered a program of a very high order. Among her numbers were love songs in French, Italian and English, classical pieces from the greatest composers and snatches from the most noted operas.

Mrs. Lawson was ably assisted by Miss Nora C. Willis, of Fredericksburg, who presided at the piano in her own delightful way. The long and loud applause at the end of each number gave evidence of the enthusiasm of the audience, who unanimously declared Mrs. Lawson a gifted singer, and the musicale one of the greatest treats of the season.

When We Were Children for a Night

IT WAS quite refreshing to get off our severe dignity and be frivolous chaps, if only for a night. Even that short while made us wish we could lay aside our heavy loads and be kids forever. That night of innocent enjoyment was on the seventh of November, when the Y. W. C. A. made it possible for us all who were so fortunate as to be born in August, September, October or November, to celebrate our birthdays together. From the appearance of "the children," one would have thought that it was their fifth or sixth birthday.

There were just lots of little girls present—some with bobbed hair and others with long curls or "pig-tails" for the bad little youngsters to jerk. The boys were quite attractive—to the girls, anyway, since they were in reality Normalites. The little damsels got so flirtatious that their nurses had to call them down. As for the boys—well, they were too bold for anything—except the girls. Ice-cream cones and all-day suckers were the principal delicacies served, as it was late at night and the nurses thought light refreshments would be best. Some of the greedy children actually had three of each. They deserved a terrible pain, but, as I've heard nothing to the contrary, I presume they all got home safe and well.

A Surprise Party

On January 22nd the teaching Seniors were very much surprised to be told by Miss Strong that she wanted to see them. As this was the last day of their teaching, they thought that a lecture was in store for them. They were told to meet on the third floor, and this seemed queer because their lectures were usually given in the Principal's office. Promptly at 11:30 they repaired to the third floor and what do you think they found? The class-room arranged for a party! Not only the Seniors were there but also all teachers connected with the work.

After the guests had all arrived they were given pencil and paper and asked to answer the eight questions arranged around the room. Each answer was to end in "nation" and each question was very attractively connected with the school work. This caused a great deal of amusement and pleasure. After an allotted time the answers were checked up and a pointer given as the booby prize. Those who had gotten six answers correct were promised a stick of candy, which they received a few days later. After this came the refreshments—and such good things as they were! Before the party broke up Miss Strong read an attractive little poem, which contained a characteristic of each teaching Senior. Then beautiful and appropriate favors were given, which consisted of a picture of the High School mounted and beneath it these words: "A place always ready to help you." The happy party broke up after giving fifteen rahs for Miss Strong. Those days will always be remembered with an added pleasure because, "All's well that ends well."

A Cup of Tea and a Welcome

"A cup of tea and a welcome," were the words that greeted the Seniors as they opened the beautiful Orange-and-Brown invitations which they received on January 30th.

We went, and there we found a gracious welcome, not only from Miss Hinman but from the members of our faculty and other friends who had been invited to meet us. The pleasure of the evening was greatly added to by Miss Fraser and Miss Willis. Miss Fraser sang many of her beautiful songs for us with Miss Willis accompanying her on the piano. We found that Miss Hinman knew just what we liked when the refreshments were served—sandwiches, many kinds, plentiful and dainty, with the promised cup of tea. Then came a surprise when the candies were passed in our own Class colors, Orange and Brown. When we left—and you may be sure we didn't leave until we had to—we felt, as one of the girls expressed it, that we had had a "gilly glorious" time.

At the Court of St. Valentine

At eight o'clock on the evening of St. Valentine's day, the students and faculty, as well as a great many friends from town, assembled in the auditorium of Russell Hall in delightful anticipation, for the Dramatic and Glee Clubs were to entertain them with a musical play, entitled "At the Court of St. Valentine."

Old St. Valentine, with his cross old chamberlain, sits in his court on that eventful day, lamenting the fact that while he yearly sends many Valentines all over the land, he himself has never received one. Just then, his Pages, the Cupids, who have just delivered their many tokens, bring him a surprise.

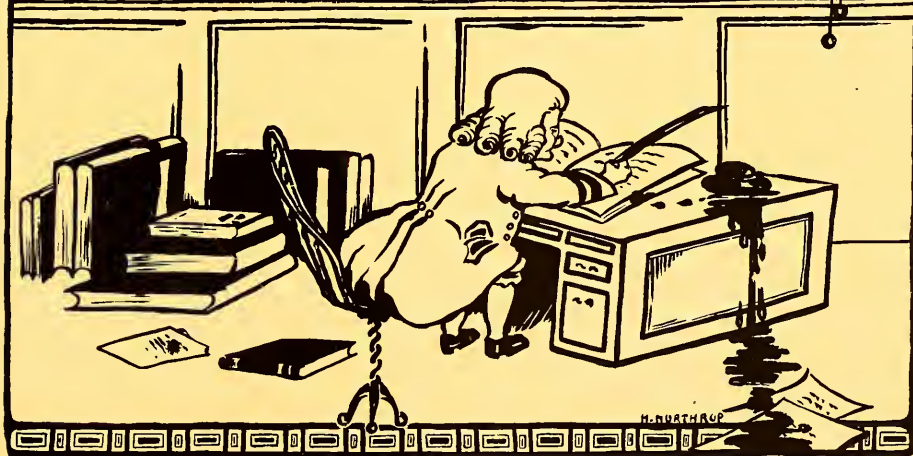
In tableaux, with appropriate music, they portray the life story of two lovers from babyhood to old age. Then comes a greater surprise to old St. Valentine. The lovely Queen of Hearts, with her many maidens, comes to bring him greetings. O how he wishes for his youth again that he may court the lovely lady! But his wish is not in vain, for in glides the airy Fairy Love, who restores his youth; and—as most fairy stories end—"They marry and live happily ever afterwards."

With music and dancing, in which the Cupids and maidens participate, the entertainment which had been appreciated by all, comes to an end.

A Garden of Flowers

On Friday evening, May 19, 1913, the Glee Club gave a cantata "The Garden of Flowers," which proved a great success. The opening chorus by the Glee Club aroused the audience and their attention was held to the last. The beautiful costumes of those who participated in the entertainment added much to the attractiveness of the occasion. There were various selections, choruses, trios, solos and quartettes. Our "stars" proved equal to the occasion, and were highly complimented. The "Dance of the Bees," composed by Laura MacBowman and executed with great skill by her and four other girls, was most attractive. The "White Butterfly" composed by Isabel Willis, was gracefully presented by the composer. The evening was closed by a chorus by the Glee Club, which was a very fitting close for such an occasion.

"WISDOM OF THE FOOLISH"
"AND FOLLY OF THE WISE"



The Folly of the Wise

MR. VAN LANDINGHAM: Why do the girls look through the door at me?

PEARL: Because you haven't any curtains up.

PAULINE: I just love gym!

ELEANOR: Jim who?

SOPH: Has anyone in this room a postal card? I want to write home.

L. CONWAY: No, but I have a one cent stamp.

In a School Management test in reply to the question, "How would you treat cases of absence from school?" Miss Dannehl said: "Some persons in the community are married. Their absence is excusable"—which reminds us that Iva Beachboard is not expected to return to the Normal.

MR. TYNER: Is there any connection between mind and matter?

E. RUSSELL: Yes; if a girl doesn't mind there will soon be something the matter.

MISS JACKSON: For what are the limbs of trees?

C. MORGAN: To hold the leaves on.

MARY EDENTON: What is this?

JANE PITTS: Salmon croquettes.

MARY: Mercy! It tastes like fish to me!

MR. CHANDLER: What is an oasis?

K. CORR: A place where anyone can get a drink, any time.

MISS FRASER (to her special music class): Girls, there must be music in you, for certainly none has come out!

BEE: What is this you put into the kiln to make it burn?

MISS HINMAN: Coal oil.

BEE: Well, it certainly does smell like kerosene to me!

MR. HARRISON: What is a cone?

G. SAUNDERS: A cone is a funnel, stuffed full of ice cream.

MISS DADMUN: Who was the author of the "Ode on Immortality?"

RUTH WICKHAM: Scott was the author of "Immortality."

MR. HARRISON: Did you ever take Algebra?

ETHEL SMITH: No; I have been exposed to it several times, but I never caught it.

Among the ingredients given in a recipe for punch Miss Withers had one cup of tea infusion. In finding the cost, Grace Tanner asked, "What is the worth of one pound of tea infusion?"

ALICE FINNEY went down to one of the stores and asked for "individual" hairpins. After much explanation, she found she wanted invisible hairpins.

NANNIE W. PARKER (just before Christmas): I'm going down town and buy some firecrackers. I reckon I'll get some of these big snakes—Bohemians, you know.

RUTH CLARKSON: What kind of snakes?

NANNIE OLIVER: Oh, she means Boa-constrictors. I heard one of the children telling her about them.

MR. CHANDLER: You should never ask questions that require "Yes" or "No" answers. Isn't that so, Miss Russell?
MISS RUSSELL: Yes.

ANNIE SCOTT (to the "crushes" on the bed): Is Mr. Russell going to give the Seniors an Aluminum banquet this year?

Remark by Mr. Van Landingham on Krokay Klub manuscript of Annual:—
"The game is spelled 'c-r-o-q-u-e-t'. Don't know whether you know it or not."

MR. HARRISON: Is that picture stationary?

MISS THOMASSON: Well, yes, I reckon so; it's part paper.

Lost and Found

FOUND—by Beulah Detwiler, a Strongheart.

LOST—by Martha Herndon, a slipper in the swimming pool.

LOST—from S. N. S., one pupil, seriously wounded by Cupid's darts.

FOUND—by Miss Strong, two children, named Mary and John.

LOST—in gymnasium, breath.

FOUND—a diamond, dropped from Halley's Comet.

LOST—by Mrs. Chew, a large number of brooms.

FOUND—by the girls, the price of brooms.

FOUND—by Junia and Kathleen, the difference between Y. W. C. A. and Y. W. A.

FOUND—by Miss Eyles, classes that will not study History; also, a method of hearing two pupils recite at once.

FOUND—by Miss Goolrick, classes that must study History.

FOUND—a notice on the bulletin board, as follows:

“Will the person who took a whole fruit cake from 223 kindly invite the owner to the feast?”



Gossip

It has been said that when Miss Forbes gets to Heaven, the first thing she will say is: "Has the *Times-Dispatch* come?"

ETTIENETTE: "Now don't you dare tell anybody, but honestly, Josephine told me that she saw a notice on the bulletin board that Huldah Daniel had lost something: I can't remember just what the article was."

Somebody told me that Bertha and Ella Garnett had at last been introduced to each other. Think of spending three years in a place and not knowing everybody.

We must know that Mr. Tyner's talks on "The Family" have been especially appreciated by some; as Nannie Oliverin said at a Y. W. C. A. meeting in speaking of a family, "There is a family—not a family exactly either, just two old ladies living together."

The night before the Seniors were to have their pictures taken, Catherine Ware found Emma Lankford sitting out on a trunk studying, about half-past eleven. Catherine told Emma she had better go to bed and get some beauty sleep, to which Emma replied that she couldn't, for she was writing a lesson plan. Catherine said: "Well, your lesson plan isn't going in the Annual."

"Girls, don't you know that Ruth Post told me that Maude Seay said that Miss Dadman told their class that one of the Freshmen described Burns' 'Tam O'Shanter' as 'a very sweet and sympathetic poem.'"



Medical

MISS FORBES, DR. SMITH: General Managers.

LOCATION OF PLANT: Infirmary.

TROUBLESOME TROUBLES: Diphtheria—Chickenpox—Measles.

Rules: Do not invite anyone to spend the night with you.

Do not talk to visitors through the transom or windows.

Notes: BERTHA SCOTT—"Miss Forbes, please don't give me any more of that cough medicine, it does something to the inside of me that is not comfortable."

MISS FORBES [to Editor]: I cannot give you any exciting news for the medical department as both the diseases and the girls come only by the installment plan.

ELIZABETH HARGEST: Oh dear, why do we have to take antitoxin?

FLORENCE GRAVES: Because it's an anecdote.

Overheard by the Infirmary girls: MRS. CHEW—"Well I can stand diphtheria and chickenpox, and measles, but when it comes to smallpox I'm going to leave."

MISS FORBES: I believe I could stand smallpox, but the minute anyone breaks out with scarlet fever, I'm certainly going to walk out.

MISS GRAVES: Do you think I ought to let her play basketball?

DR. SMITH. No, because every time she does her heart gets to beating.

Do's and Don't's

Don't buy too many books. It's not economical, when you know your neighbors have them.

Do drink eight full glasses of water a day.

Don't stay in your room during study period, you might "miss a trick."

Don't attend Mr. Chandler's classes, he never calls the roll.

Don't bother about studying until the day before a test; that night sit up until you hear the day breaking.

Miss Jackson has very kindly offered to teach an afternoon spelling class. Who are candidates for membership?
Don't all speak at once.

Don't buy too many new dresses. Wear them hind-part before for a change. The fashion has already been started.

Don't turn off your heat, then sit in your room and freeze, it isn't sensible.

O, Ye Faculty

Scene in Miss Forbes' Boudoir?



A NTHONY
MIABLE
DMIRE
CCOMMODATING

C HANDLER
LASSICAL
ALORIFIC
OMPLACENT

H AMLET
IDDEN
OPELESS
UMBLE

D ADMUN
ELIBERATE
ISCREET
ECIDED

F ORBES
ORCEFUL
IRM
ASTIDIOUS

H INMAN
ELPFUL
ARD WORKING
UMAN

H ARRISON
ANDSOME (?)
ANDY
ARDY

G RAVES
RACEFUL
ENTLE
ENEROUS

G OOLRICK
ENTEEL
ENIAL
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F RASER
AIR
RANK
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J ACKSON
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M OORE
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OCIABLE

T YNER
ALL
HOUGHTFUL
RUE

W ILLIS
INSOME
ORLDLY
ITTY

A Normal Light's Creed

I believe in the changing conceptions of education, the improvement of rural schools, the necessity of vocational training, and the dire need for trained teachers in the State of Virginia.

I believe in regarding teaching as direct missionary work, and in going back to the "home town" to teach in the little school at the cross-roads—in spite of the handsome remuneration offered.

I believe "strongly" in the Training School, in lesson plans, in criticism books, and an abundance of red ink.

I believe in lectures—first, last, and all the time.

I believe in fountain pens, and in copious notes written in loose-leaf note-books.

I believe in cramming rather than flunking, but still stronger in studying thoroughly each lesson as it is assigned.

I believe in the reading of promiscuous literature rather than those books assigned as "parallel."

I believe in the testing of all kinds of "methods" in the school-room, in daily conduct, and in dealing with troublesome faculty members.

I believe in being tardy for classes whenever possible; thus are points of credit easily added on to the monthly grade.

I believe in the wisdom of chewing gum in all of Mr. Tyner's classes.

I believe in plenty of noise to keep up your spirits—especially in assembly, on the halls, in the dining-room, and in Mr. Hamlet's class-room.

I believe that it is in good taste to read letters during the Chapel exercises.

I believe in snowy tramps to Freeman's Fruit Store—wearing neither hat, nor overshoes.

I believe in the curse of solitude, in the dignity of crushing, in the efficacy of bluffing and in the joy of taking aspirin tablets.

I believe that Miss Forbes is all-wise and powerful and sees everything that takes place, in or about the Normal, every hour of every day.

Quiz

Why is Mae like a cat? Because she is always Perrin.
Why would a farmer be lucky in getting "Cousin" Helen for his wife? Because she is a real Gardner.
Why is Miss Hogan so aristocratic? She is a "Duke."
Why should Kathleen Scott not teach in the country? Because of her love for Townes.
How do we know that Ruth Clarkson is fond of honey? She has a "Bee."
Why is Louise Lewis such a fine girl? She delights in the "Wright."
How is Jean Graves like a French Roman Catholic? Because of La Crosse.
Why does Thelma like to sew? Because of her Tucker.
Why is Nannie so fond of strolling? Because she has her Walker.
Why do so many girls like Mary? She is the only "Dear boy" in school.
Why is Martha Hughes so sad? She spends so much time at the Graves.
Are there any "rats" in the Garrett room? Yes, three.
What is the smallest right allowed in school? Agnes Wright.
What kind of a crush has Ada? A "Flip."
What title does Louise Cosby prefer? "Duke."
Is Josephine Crouch an Abridged Junior? No; she said just after dinner last Sunday that she was a full one.
Who is the girl that had never met "Sally Lunn" until she came to the Normal? Ask Lucy Wright.
If Martha Herndon had to lie on one side all the time would Thelma Turner?
If Elsie had a garden would Michie Sprout?
Why does Jean Graves want to go to China? Because she likes "Rice."
If it were very muddy would Hai-slip?
If Mrs. Chandler goes with Emma Lankford will Eliza Peirce?—or will Catharine Ware?

On the Reviewer's Table

Secrets of Successful Spelling Teachers is a highly instructive little volume by Miss Clara von Hofsten. The author's scholarship and complete knowledge of her subject is very evident. Supply Room, \$5.00.

How to Unravel the Mystery. An attractive book which will be invaluable to all professional students at F. S. N. S. It explains in a simple, lucid manner the unintelligible portions of the Philosophy of Education, giving such full notes on Prof. B. Y. Tyner's class discussions of the subject that they can really be understood. We especially recommend this to the Juniors. By Miss Helen Phillips. Price, 25 cents per copy.

The Way Out. A story of stirring adventure. All who desire to make candy in their rooms, and also to escape the penalty which always follows if a certain tall lady of renown comes near, will do well to read carefully the advice given by Misses Nell Holladay and Pauline Sneed. Five cents a copy, or six for a quarter.

The Art of Writing Love Letters. To many perplexed lovers, this dainty little volume will be the most welcome book of the year. Thoroughly practical, since every word is backed by the author's experience. By Miss Annie L. Scott. Price \$3.50. So valuable?]. But indeed, it should be so, should it not?

The Hows and Whys of Poetry, by Miss Catharine Ware. The author's name is sufficient recommendation. All who contemplate following the Muse will find the rough road made easy by this experienced guide. An appendix, by Miss "Soph" Brooking, on "How to Extract Nursery Rhymes Painlessly," adds much to its value. Price \$3.00.

Puddings, by Miss Ruby Jones. Let not the prosaic title of this book cause any reader to pass it by; though quite fitting, the name may be misleading. Really the most thrilling romance of the day. \$1.50 per copy.

Wanted—by Helen Phillips: To understand one lesson in the "History of Education."

Wanted—by Junior Class: All of Mr. Tyner's tests to be given by Pres. Russell.

Wanted—by Mr. Tyner: A "self-made man" and a "cultured lady."

Wanted—by Miss Graves, "Attention."

Wanted—to know whether or not Mr. Van Landingham is married.

Wanted—by Mrs. Chew, more room on the bureau to leave notes.

Wanted—by Miss Dadmun, a little more speed in her English classes.

Wanted—by the Glee Club, Louise Henley and Charlotte Rice for new members.

Wanted—by Mr. Hamlet, to simply take notice.

Wanted—by Miss Hinman, Helen Northrop and Muriel Barber to be present on time, once before school closes.

Wanted—by Ruth Carter, absolute silence in the library.

Wanted—by Miss Fraser, Nannie Oliver to come in with the triplets.

Wanted—to know why Ruby Brooking knows how to write a check only when she wants something that "Soph" thinks she shouldn't buy.

Wanted—to know, by some of us, how Annie Scott lost her history note-book.



Alumnæ Echoes

Katharine Bartenstein is teaching the first three grades in the Sparta High School and also a class of sixteen music pupils.

Elizabeth Billingsley is teaching the fifth and sixth grades in Chancellor High School. She is actively engaged in securing a piano fund.

Eula Blanton has become a lady of leisure; since leaving school her time has been spent in traveling.

Garnette Bray is at home with her mother in Little Plymouth.

Lottie Broaddus is teaching some notoriously bad children in a small school at Guinea.

Mrs. Mattie Bunkley has charge of the fifth grade in the Magruder School, at Newport News. She has also a class of backward pupils, which she coaches after school.

Nita Burroughs is quite fortunate; she has a whole school to herself, only a quarter of a mile from her home.

Mary Chesley is one of seven teachers in the Cape Charles High School. She teaches the third and fourth grades, consisting of fifty-six pupils. She writes that her Normal training has proved invaluable.

Elsie Coleman is teaching the third and fourth grad's at Waverly. From accounts, she must be proving herself a most efficient teacher for her pupils have successfully passed through the stages of chicken-pox, diphtheria, small-pox and an epidemic of vaccination, besides the trying ordeal of making a school garden and building a doll house. She later expects to take a course at Columbia.

Jennie Crowell has a little one-room school five miles from Beaver Dam. Her pupils are few in number, but rich in original ideas; and with difficulty she has persuaded them that the answers to examples are not definitions, and that sugar-cane is not mined. She expects to attend the Summer Normal here preparatory to teaching at her home next session.

Helen Daniel started teaching school last fall in Charlottesville, but in December, owing to a nervous breakdown, she was obliged to stop and take a complete rest. Next year she hopes to be able to take up her work again. To those girls who will teach for the first time, she gives two pieces of advice: First, "Beware of becoming easily discouraged;" Second, "Look after your health, resisting the temptation to keep late hours, and to eat irregularly."

Anna Diedrich is primary teacher in Sussex High School.

Marguerite Dowden upon leaving school entered the Smithdean Business College, at Richmond, and is now the principal's assistant, and Supervisor of the Typewriting Department.

Clothilda Duggins has charge of the Literary Department in Elementary Teaching in Hall's School, at Beaver Dam. A building on the campus is provided for the teachers in part of which she and her two nieces "keep house; also a cow and fowls."

Janetta Fitzhugh is attending Sweet Briar College this year.

Bess Foster is first assistant in the faculty of Lahore Graded School. She expects to further improve herself by attending the Summer School here.

Nell Ford is spending this year at her home in Irvington.

Marion and Ora Harris are at home this winter, at Frederick's Hall.

Eleanor Heflin is a teacher in the High School at Colonial Beach.

Jeannette Hess, the first year after leaving school, accepted a position as teacher in a large graded school at Dante, a mining town in the Blue Ridge. Her life and experiences here were novel, her pupils coming from homes of various nationalities. The teachers lived together in a bungalow on the mountainside, and they were in continual fear, when the wind blew up the hollows, lest their little home would be overturned. While there she was taken with typhoid fever and was brought home to the hospital at Fredericksburg. This year she is teaching a school three miles from her home.

Huddah Hudson, from all we can gather, is having a wonderful time, visiting around at different places.

Elizabeth Jesse is living this year in her new home, at Ashland.

Mary Warner Johnson is teaching in a very old, one-room school, near Rose Garden. We know it is old, for she says she spent her childhood days in it. She expects to return to F. S. N. S. next year, if she lives through the struggles afforded by thirty-eight pupils.

Julia Keaton is teaching the third grade in the Syms-Eaton Academy, at Hampton, and is preparing for a course at Columbia.

Lucy Kennedy is principal of the Sulphur Miner's School, Louisa County.

Ruth Lord's home this year is in the western part of Tazewell County, at Richland. She writes that a teacher's life there is most pleasant, but how could it be otherwise? She is living with ten school-ma'ams.

Buford Lyne is teaching the third grade in the Highland Park School in Richmond.

Nelly Marye has an ungraded school three miles from Guinea, and she finds that there is a great opportunity for work in the country districts.

"*Cousin*" *Belle Moncure* has found time in her busy school life to write us a few verses from which we, for lack of space, selected the following:

"How hard the course did then appear!
The hours were long, the tests severe;
All things were strange—the teachers new,
Friendships untried, atmosphere blue.
But we found there friends of truest type,
And teachers kind, in wisdom ripe."

Nettie Montgomery, the first year after leaving school, taught in a city school. At present she is primary teacher in a country high school, and the lamentable fact is that the principal is a woman, though this is offset to a degree by the fact that there are two young men of about twenty years in the fourth grade, who are very attentive to the primary teacher. We are sure she is notably upholding the reputation of the Normal as the following letter goes to prove:

MISS MONTGOMERY:

RUSHMERE, VA., November 25, 1913.

Kind Lady—will you please a lowe me to congratcholate you on your pozishion as a School teacher—I must say with out Eny doubt in the Least that you or Exolent. I mean Purficke that the children or doing better than Evor so I think that my Little dautter is Lurning some kind of fast.

hoping you all the good lucke in the feather that the Lord May bless you for all goodness.

Yours very trouley

C. E. M.

Miss Montgomery as soon as my Little dautter advance far a nuf in School to Lurn Music why I will pay you too pur month I mean too dollors pur month. State salary and will be pleased to think that you will take introustr and teach her all to gether—Yours respect

C. E. M.

Louise Motley has charge of a one-room school in Richmond County. She hopes to attend the Normal again.

Annie Nicholas is teaching in the Scottsville High School.

Sally Norris is teaching the third grade in the Fredericksburg Public School.

Marguerite Palmer is the very busiest kind of a school ma'am, having the primary grades and one High School subject in the Wicomico High School.

Martha Belle Pearce, our last year's editor, is teaching forty-two wide-awake, wriggling, willing workers in the Glen Echo School, in Henrico County. She is also taking a course in Playground Administration, for her summers are spent in directing a playground.

Rachel Pearce is a student at Richmond College.

Julia Raiford is principal of the Mt. Laurel Graded School in Halifax County.

Kathryne Rice is teaching in a rural school with an enrollment of thirty-seven pupils, averaging from seven to fifteen years of age. She writes that it would be impossible for her to solve the many problems which arise, without having had Normal training.

Frances Ribble's education still continues. Her latest achievement has been the removal of her appendix, and she is now at home living on past glories.

Cora Rowe is staying at home this year—probably putting into practice the domestic science learned under Miss Withers last session.

Evelyn Sitwell, after leaving school, went abroad where she remained during the following summer. This year she is at home in Bedford City.

Ethel Taylor has an interesting class of third-graders in the public school at Newport News.

Anne Latane Ware is in charge of the third and fourth grades in the Churchview High School, Middlesex County.

Roberta Washington left school to open up an old country home, where she now lives with her brother. Country life has proved enjoyable to her and she is still keeping in touch with school work by teaching one pupil, who comes to her three times a week.

Isabel Willis, having tried during the summer following her graduation to acquire "decision of voice and dignity of manner," took up her work as primary teacher in the Lawrenceville School in the county renowned for its stews. Picture Isabel among fifty-five tots ranging from six to ten, and at the end of each month engrossed in the perplexing problem of making out reports!

Gay Wilson is teaching the fourth grade in the Ginter Park High School, Richmond.

Belle Wortham began her duties as teacher last October in the little country village of Carrollton, about twenty miles from Norfolk. She had neglected to write anyone to meet her, but having acquired the professional look at the Normal, she was at once recognized as "teacher." Her drive across country began, and she arrived at last to find that she had come just one week too early! In passing she says that their principal is young, good-looking and single—but, alas! in love with another teacher.

Nell Henry is primary teacher in the new High School at Bowling Green. We hear that Nell is doing beautifully, and she takes a vital interest in all phases of the school work, even the boys' baseball team. She has made herself truly a part of the little village of Bowling Green.





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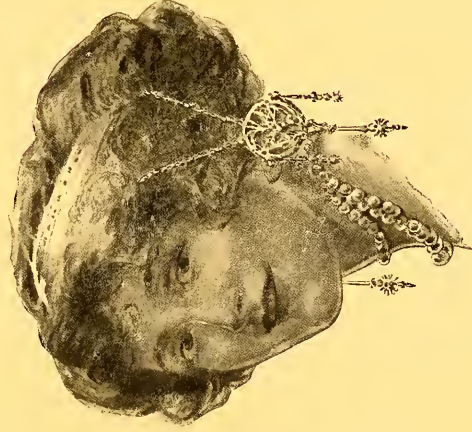
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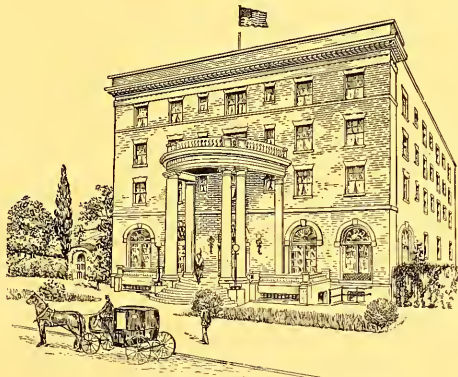
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